POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS:

By the

Right Honourable,

THE K. R--, E. of

E. of R--

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BRITISH MUSEUM

An Epiſtolary Eſſay from M. G. *to* O. B. *upon thair Mutual Poems.*

Dear Friend,

I Hear this Town do's ſo abound
With ſawcy Cenſurers, that Faults are found
With what of late we (in Poetick Rage)
Beſtowing, threw away on the dull Age;
But (howſoe're Envy their Spleens may raiſe,
To rob my Brows of the deſerved Bays)
Their Thanks at leaſt I merit, ſince through me
They are Partakers of your Poetry:
And this is all I'll ſay in my Defence,
T' obtain one Line of your well-worded Senſe;
I'd be content t' have writ the *Britiſh Prince.*
I'm none of thoſe who think themſelves inſpir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a Rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all ſort of Self-denial,
Which way ſoe're Deſire and Fancy lead,
(Concerning Fame) that Path I boldly tread:
And if expoſing what I take for Wit,
To my dear Self a Pleaſure I beget,
No matter tho' the cens'ring Criticks fret.
Thoſe whom my Muſe diſpleaſes, are at ſtriſe,
With equal Spleen, againſt my Courſe of Life,
The leaſt Delight of which I'll not forego,
For all the flattering Praiſe Man can beſtow.

If I design'd to please, the way were then
To mend my Manners, rather than my Pen:
The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the second, I despair of it,
Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit.
Perhaps ill Verses ought to be confin'd,
In meer good Breeding, like unsav'ry Wind:
Were Reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think
Men might no more write scurvily, than stink:
But 'tis your choice whether you'll read or no;
If likewise of your Smelling it were so,
I'd fart just as I write, for my own Ease,
Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.
I'll own, that you write better than *I* do;
But *I* have as much need to write as you.
What tho' the Excrements of my dull Brain
Flows in a harsher and insipid strain.
Whilst your rich Head eases it self of VVit,
Must none but Civet-Cats have leave to shit?
In all *I* write, shou'd Sense, and VVit, and Rhyme
Fail me at once, yet something so Sublime
Shall stamp my Poem, that the VVorld may see
It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me:
And that's my End, for Man can wish no more
Than so to write, as none e're writ before.
Yet who am *I* no Poet of the Times?
I have Allusions, Similes and Rhymes,
And VVit, or else 'tis hard that *I* alone
Of the whole Race of Mankind shou'd have none.
Unequally the partial Hand of Heav'n
Has all but this One only Blessing giv'n.

T

The VVorld appears like a great Family,
VVhose Lord oppreſt with Pride and Poverty,
(That to a few great Bounty he may ſhow)
Is fain to ſtarve the num'rous Train below.
Juſt ſo ſeems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain:
Here 'tis profuſe, and there it meanly ſaves,
And for one Prince, it makes ten thouſand Slaves.

In VVit alone 't been magnificent,
Of which ſo juſt a Share to each is ſent.
That the moſt avaricious are content;
For none e're thought (the due Diviſion's ſuch)
His own too little, or his Friends too much.
Yet moſt Men ſhew or find great want of VVit,
VVriting themſelves, or judging what is writ:
But *I* who am of Sprightly Vigour full,
Look on Mankind as envious and dull;
Born to my ſelf, my ſelf *I* like alone,
And muſt conclude my Judgment good or none.
For cou'd my Sence be naught, how ſhou'd *I* know
VVhether another Mans were good or no?
Thus *I* reſolve of my own Poetry,
That 'tis the beſt, and there's a Fame for me,
If then *I'm* happy, what do's it advance,
VVhether to Merit due, or Arrogance?
Oh, but the VVorld will take offence hereby.
VVhy then the VVorld ſhall ſuffer for't, not *I*.
D'd e're the Sawcy VVorld and *I* agree
To let it have its beaſtly will on me?
VVhy ſhou'd my proſtituted Sence be drawn
To ev'ry Rule their muſty Cuſtoms Spawn?

But Men will cenſure you: 'Tis two to one,
When e're they cenſure they'll be in the wrong.
There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
So fooliſh and ſo falſe as Common Fame.
It calls the Courtier Knave; the Plain Man, Rude;
Haughty, the Grave, and the Delightful Lewd;
Impertinent, the Brisk, Moroſe, the Sad;
Mean, the Familiar; the Reſerv'd one, Mad.
Poor helpleſs Woman is not favour'd more;
She's a ſly Hypocrite or publick Whore.
Then who the Dev'l wou'd give this----to be free
From th' innocent Reproach of Infamy?
Theſe things conſider'd, make me (in deſpite
Of idle Rumor) keep at home and write.

SATYR.

WEre I (who to my coſt already am
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious Creatures, Man)
A Spirit free to chuſe for my own ſhare
What Caſe of Fleſh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,
Or any thing but that vain Animal
Who is ſo proud of being Rational.
The Senſes are too groſs, and he'll contrive
A Sixth, to contradict the other Five;
And before certain Inſtinct, will prefer
Reaſon, which fifty times for one do's err:

Reaſon,

Reaſon, an *Ignis fatuus* in the Mind,
Which leaving Light of Nature (Senſe) behind,
Pathleſs and dang'rous wandring Ways it takes,
Thro' Errors Fenny Bogs and Thorny Brakes;
Whilſt the miſguided Follower climbs with pain
Mountains of Whimſies heap'd in his own Brain;
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls head-
long down
Into Doubts boundleſs Sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with Bladders of Philoſophy,
In hopes ſtill to o'retake th' eſcaping Light;
The Vapor dances in his dazling ſight,
Till ſpent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him underſtand,
After a Search ſo painful and ſo long,
That all his Life he has been in the wrong.
Huddl'd in Dirt the Reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And makes him venture to be made a Wretch:
His Wiſdom did his Happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know what World he ſhould enjoy;
And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence,
Of pleaſſing others at his own Expence.
For Wits are treated juſt like Common Whores
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of Doors;
The Pleaſure paſt, a threatning Doubt remains,
That frights the Enjoyer with ſucceeding Pains.
Women and Men of Wit are dangerous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Pleasure allures, and when the *Fops* escape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate,
And therefore what they fear, at least they hate.
But now methinks some formal Band and Beard
Takes me to task; come on Sir, I'm prepar'd.
Then by your favour, any thing that's writ
Against this gibing jingling knack call'd Wit
Likes me abundantly, but you take care
Upon this point not to be too severe.
Perhaps my Muse *were fitter for this part,*
For I profess, I can be very smart
On Wit, *which I abhor with all my Heart:*
I long to lash it in some sharp Essay,
But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my Tide of Ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,
To make you rail at Reason and Mankind?
Blest glorious Man! *to whom alone kind* Heav'n
An everlasting Soul *has freely given,*
Whom his great Maker *took such care to make,*
That from himself he did the Image *take,*
And this fair frame in shining Reason *dress,*
To dignifie his Nature above Beast.
Reason, *by whose aspiring influence*
We take a flight beyond material Sense;
Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce
The flaming limits of the Universe,
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's Acted there;
And give the World true grounds of hope and fear,
Hold mighty Man, I cry, all this we know
From the Pathetick Pen of *Ingelo*;

From

From P---- *Pilgrim*, S----- replys,
And 'tis this very Reason *I* despise,
This Supernatural Gift, that makes a *Mite*
Think he's the *Image* of the *Infinite*,
Comparing (in) short Life, void of all Rest,
To the *Eternal* and the ever Blest.
This busie, puzling, stirring up of doubt,
That frames deep *Mysteries*, then finds 'em out;
Filling with frantick Crowds of thinking *Fools*,
Those Reverend *Bedlams*, *Colledges* and *Schools*;
Born on whose VVingss each heavy *Sot* can pierce
The limits of the boundless Universe.
So Charming Oyntments make an Old *Witch* flie,
And bear a Crippled Carcass through the Skie.
'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose bus'ness lies
In Nonsense and *Impossibilities*.
This made a whimsical *Philosopher*,
Before the spacious *World* his *Tub* prefer;
And we have modern *Cloyster'd Coxcombs*, who
Retire to think, because they have naught to do.
But Thoughts are giv'n for Actions Government,
VVhere Action ceases Thought's impertinent:
Our *Sphere* of Action is Lifes happiness,
And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an *Ass*:
Thus whilst against false reas'ning *I* inveigh,
I own right *Reason*, which *I* wou'd obey;
That *Reason* that distinguishes by Sence,
And gives us *Rules* of good and ill from thence;
That bounds Desires with a reforming VVill,
To keep 'em more in vigour, not to kill.
Your *Reason* hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing Appetites yours wou'd destroy.

My

My Reaſon is my Friend, yours is a Cheat;
Hunger calls out, my Reaſon bids me eat;
Perverſely yours, your Appetite do's mock,
This asks for Food, that anſwers, What's a Clock?
This plain Diſtinction, Sir, your doubt Secures,
'Tis not true Reaſon I deſpiſe, but yours.
Thus I think Reaſon righted; but for Man,
I'll ne're recant, defend him if you can.
For all his Pride, and his Philoſophy,
'Tis evident, Beaſts are in their Degree
As wiſe at leaſt, and better far than he?
Thoſe Creatures are the wiſeſt, who attain,
By ſureſt Means, the Ends at which they aim:
If therefore *Jowler* finds and kills his Hares
Better than *M*---- ſupplies Committee-Chairs,
Though one's a Stateſman, th' other but a Hound,
Jowler in Juſtice wou'd be wiſer found.
You ſee how far Mans Wiſdom here extends;
Look next if Humane Nature makes amends
Whoſe Principles moſt gen'rous are, and juſt,
and to whoſe Morals you wou'd ſooner truſt.
Be Judge your ſelf, I'll bring it to the Teſt,
Which is the baſeſt Creature, Man or Beaſt.
Birds feed on Birds, Beaſts on each other prey,
But Savage Man alone do's Man betray:
Preſt by neceſſity, they kill for Food;
Man undoes Man, to do himſelf no good:
With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's Allowance, to ſupply their Want;
But Man, with Smiles, Embraces, Friendſhips paiſe,
Unhumanly his Fellows Life betrays,

With

With voluntary Pains works his diſtreſs,
Not through Neceſſity, but Wantonneſs:
For Hunger or for Love they fight or tear,
Whilſt wretched Man is ſtill in Arms for fear;
For fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid,
By Fear to Fear ſucceſſively betray'd:
Baſe Fear, the Source whence his beſt Paſſion came,
His boaſted Honour, and his dearbought Fame;
That Luſt of Pow'r to which he's ſuch a Slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave;
To which his various Projects are deſign'd,
Which makes him gen'rous, affable and kind;
For which he takes ſuch pains to be thought wiſe,
And ſcrews his Actions in a forc'd Diſguiſe,
Leading a tedious Life, in miſery,
Under laborious, mean Hypocriſie.
Look to the bottom of his vaſt Deſign,
Wherein Mans Wiſdom, Pow'r and Glory joyn;
The Good he acts, the Ill he do's endure;
'Tis all for fear, to make himſelf Secure.
Meerly for Safety, after Fame we thirſt;
For all Men wou'd be Cowards, if they durſt:
And Honeſty's againſt all common Sence,
Men muſt be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence.
Mankind's diſhoneſt, if you think it fair,
Amongſt known Cheats, to play upon the Square,
You'll be undone-------
Nor can weak Truth your Reputation ſave,
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
Wrong'd ſhall he live, inſulted o're, oppreſt,
Who dares be leſs a Villain than the reſt.

Thus

Thus Sir, you ſee what Human Nature craves.
Moſt Men are Cowards, all Men ſhou'd be Knaves;
The difference lies (as far as *I* can ſee)
Not in the thing it ſelf, but the degree;
And all the Subject matter of debate,
Is only who's a Knave of the firſt Rate,
All this with indignation have *I* hurl'd
At the pretending part of the proud VVorld,
VVho ſwoln with ſelfiſh vanity, deviſe
Falſe freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lies,
Over their fellow *S*laves to tyrannize.
Bnt if in Court ſo juſt a Man there be,
(*I*n Court a juſt Man, yet unknown to me.)
VVho does his needful flattery direct
Not to oppreſs and ruine, but protect;
Since flattery, which way ſoever laid,
*I*s ſtill a Tax on that unhappy Trade;
If ſo upright a States-Man you can find,
VVhoſe Paſſions bend to his unbyaſs'd Mind,
VVho does his Arts and Pnlicies apply
To raiſe his Conntrey not his Family?
Nor while his Pride own'd Avarice withſtands,
Receives Aureal Bribes from Friends corrupted Hands.
*I*s there a Church Man who on God relys?
VVhoſe Life, his Faith ad Doctrine juſtifies?
Not one blown up, with vain Prelatick Pride,
VVho for reproof Sins does Man deride:
VVhoſe envious Heart, with his obſtrep'ous ſawcy Eloquence,
Dares chide at Kings, and rail at Men of *S*enſe;

VVho

VVho from his Pulpit vents more peaviſh Lies,
More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,
Than at a Goſſipping are thrown about,
VVhen the good *Wives* get drunk, and then fall out,
None of than Senſual *Tribe*; whoſe *Talents* lie,
In Avarice, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony;
VVho hunt good Livings, but abhor good Lives;
VVhoſe Luſt exalted to that height arrives,
They act Adultery with their own *Wives*,
And e're a ſcore of Years compleated be,
Can from the loſty Pulpit proudly ſee
Half a large Pariſh their own Progeny.
Nor doating *B*------ who wou'd be ador'd
For domineering at the Council-*B*oard;
A greater *Fop* in buſineſs at Fourſcore,
Fonder of ſerious Toyes, affected more
Than the gay glittering Fool at twenty proves,
With all his noiſe, his tawdry Clothes, and Loves.
*B*ut a meek humble Man, of modeſt *S*ence,
Who Preaching Peace, does practice Continence.
Whoſe pious Life's a proof he does believe
Myſterious Truths, which no Man can conceive.
If upon Earth there dwell ſuch God-like Men,
Then I'll recant my Paradox to them:
Adore thoſe *Shrines* of *Virtue*, Homage pay,
And with the Rabble-world their *Laws* obey.
If ſuch there are, yet grant me *This* at leaſt.
Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beaſt.

A Ramble in St. James's *Park.*

MUch Wine had paſt, with grave Diſcourſe,
Of who Fucks who, and who do's worſe;
Such as you uſually do hear
From them that Diet at the *Bear*;
When I, who ſtill take care to ſee
Drunk'nneſs reliev'd by Letchery,
Went out into St. *James's* Park,
To cool my Head, and fire my Heart;
But though St. *James* has the Honour on't:
'Tis conſecrate to *Prick* and *Cunt*.
There, by a moſt Inceſtuous Birth,
Strange Woods Spring from the teeming Earth:
For they relate how heretofore,
When ancient *Pict* began to Whore,
Deluded of his Aſſignation,
(Jilting it ſeems was then in faſhion.)
Poor penſive Lover in this place
Wou'd Frig upon his Mothers Face;
Whence Rows of Mandrakes tall did riſe,
Whoſe lewd tops Fuck'd the very Skies.
Each imitative Branch do's twine
In ſome lov'd Fold of *Arctine*:
And nightly now beneath their Shade
Are Bugg'ries, Rapes and Inceſts made,
Into this All-ſin-ſheltring Grove,
Whores of the Bulk and the Alcove,
Great Ladies, Chambermaids and Drudges,
The Rag picker and Heireſs trudges;

Car-

Car-men, Divines, great Lords and Taylors,
Prentices Pimps, Poets and Goalers,
Foot-boys, fine Fops, do here arrive,
And here promiſcuouſly they Swive.
Along theſe hallow'd Walks it was
That I beheld *Corinna* paſs;
Whoever had been by to ſee
The proud Diſdain ſhe caſt on me,
Though Charming Eyes, he wou'd have Swore
She dropt from Heav'n that very Hour,
Forſaking the Divine Aboad
In ſcorn of ſome deſpairing God.
But mark what Creatures VVomen are,
So infinitely vile and fair.
Three Knights o' th'Elbow and the Slur,
VVith wrigling Tails made up to her.
The firſt was of your *Whitehall* Blades,
Near Kin to th' Mother of the Maids,
Grac'd by whoſe Favour, he was able
To bring a Friend to th' VVaiters Table;
VVhere he had heard Sir *Edward S*----
Say how the K------ lov'd *Banſted* Mutton,
Since when he'd ne're be brought to eat,
By's good will, any other Meat.
In this, as well as all the reſt,
He ventures to do like the Beſt:
But wanting common Sence, th' Ingredient
In chuſing well not leaſt expedient,
Converts abortive Imitation
To univerſal Affectation;
So he not only eats and talks,
But feels and ſmells, ſits down and walks,

Nay

Nay looks, and lives, and loves by rote;
In an old tawdry Birth-day Coat.
The second was a *Grays Inn Wit*,
A great Inhabiter of the Pit,
Where Critick-like he sits and *Squints*,
Steals Pocket-handkerchiefs and *Hints*
From's Neighbour and the Comedy,
To Court and pay his Landlady.
The third a Ladies eldest Son,
Within few Years of twenty one,
Who hopes from his propitious Fate,
Against he comes to his Estate,
By these two *Worthies* to be made
A most accomplisht tearing *Blade.*
One in a strain 'twixt *Tune* and *Nonsense*,
Cries, *Madam, I have lov'd you long since,*
Permit me your fair Hand to kiss:
When at her Mouth her Cunt says Yes.
In short without much more ado.
Joyful and pleas'd away she flew,
And with these three confounded Asses
From Park to Hackney-Coach she passes.
So a Proud Bitch do's lead about
Of humble Curs the amorous Rout,
Who most obsequiously do hunt
The sav'ry Scent of Salt-swoln Cunt.
Some Pow'r more patient now relate
The Sence of this surprizing Fate.
Gods! that a thing admir'd by me
Shou'd taste so much of Infamy!
Had she pickt out to pub her Arse on,
Some stiff-Prick'd Clown, or well-hung Parson;

Each

Each Job of whoſe Spermatick Sluce
Had fill'd her Cunt with wholeſom Juice;
I the Proceeding ſhou'd have prais'd,
In hope ſhe had quench'd a Fire I rais'd:
Such nat'ral Freedoms are but juſt,
There's ſomething gen'rous in meer Luſt:
But to turn damn'd abandon'd Jade,
When neither Head nor Tail perſwade;
To be a Whore in underſtanding,
A Paſſive Pot for Fools to *Spend* in;
The Devil play'd booty ſure with thee;
To bring a Blot of Infamy.
But why was I, of all Mankind,
To ſo ſevere a Fate deſign'd?
Ungrateful! why this Treachery
To humble, fond, believing me,
Who gave you Priv'leges above
The nice Allowances of Love?
Did ever I refuſe to bear
The meaneſt part your Luſt cou'd ſpare?
When your lewd Cunt came ſpewing home,
Drench'd with the Seed of half the Town;
My Dram of Sperm was ſupp'd up after,
For the digeſtive Surfeit-Water.
Full gorged at another time
With a vaſt Meal of naſty Slime,
Which your devouring Cunt had drawn
From Porters Backs and Foot-mens Brawn,
I was content to ſerve you up
My Ballock full, for your Grace-Cup;
Nor ever thought it an Abuſe,
While you had Pleaſure for Excuſe.

You that cou'd make my Heart away
For Noiſe and Colours, and betray
The Secrets of my tender Hours
To ſuch *Knight Errant Paramours*;
When leaning on your Faithleſs Breaſt,
Wrapt in Security and Reſt,
Soft Kindneſs all my Powers did move,
And Reaſon lay diſſolv'd in Love.
May ſtinking *Vapor* choak your *Womb*,
Such as the *Men* you doat upon;
May your depraved Appetite,
That cou'd in whiffling *Fools* delight,
Beget ſuch *Frenzies* in your *Mind*,
You may go mad for the *North-wind*,
And fixing all your Hopes upon't,
To have him Bluſter in your *Cunt*,
Turn up your longing Arſe to the Air,
And periſh in a wild Deſpair.
But *Cowards* ſhall forget to rant,
School-boys to Frigg, Old *Whores* to Paint,
The *Jeſuits Fraternity*
Shall leave the uſe of *Buggery*,
Crab-Lowſe, inſpir'd with Grace Divine,
From Earthy *Cod*, to *Heav'n* ſhall climb;
Phyſicians ſhall believe in *Jeſus*,
And Diſobedience ceaſe to pleaſe us;
E're I deſiſt with all my Power
To plague this *Woman*, and undo her.
But my Revenge will beſt be tim'd
When ſhe is *Marry'd*, that is, Lym'd;
In that moſt lamentable State,
I'll make her feell my Scorn and Hate;

Pelt her with Scandals, Truth or Lies,
And her poor *Curr* with Jealouſies,
Till I have torn him from her *Breech*,
While ſhe whines like a Dog-drawn *Bitch*,
Loath'd and depriv'd, kickt out of *Town*,
Into ſome dirty Hole alone,
To chew the *Cud* of Miſery,
And know ſhe owes it all to me:
And may no Woman *better thrive,*
Who dares prophane the Cunt *I Swive.*

A Letter fancy'd from Artemiſa *in the Town, to* Cloe *in the Countrey.*

CLoe, by your command in Verſe I write,
Shortly you'll bid me ride aſtride and Fight;
Such Talents better with our *Sex* agree,
Than lofty Flights of dangerous Poetry.
Among the Men, I mean the *Men of Wit.*
(At leaſt they paſs'd for ſuch before they writ)
How many bold Adventrers for the Bays,
Proudly deſigning large Returns of Praiſe,
Who durſt that ſtormy Pathleſs *World* explore,
Were ſoon daſht back and wreckt on the dull *Shore*,
Broke of that little Stock they had before?
How wou'd a *Womans* tott'ring *Barque* be toſt,
Where ſtouteſt Ships, the *Men of Wit* are loſt?
When I reflect on this, I ſtraight grow wiſe,
And my own ſelf I gravly thus adviſe.

Dear *Artemiſa*, Poetry's a Snare,
Bedlam has many Manſions, have a Care;
Your Muſe diverts you, makes the Reader ſad;
You think your ſelf inſpir'd, he thinks you mad.
Thus like an Arrant Woman as I am,
No ſooner well convinc'd Writing's a ſhame,
That Whore is ſcarce a more reproachful Name
Than Poeteſs----
Like men that Marry, or like Maids that Woo,
Becauſe it is the worſt thing they can do;
Pleas'd with the Contradiction and the Sin,
Methinks I ſtand on Thorns till I begin.
You expect to hear at leaſt what Love has paſt
In this lewd Town ſince you and I ſaw laſt:
What change has happen'd of *Intrigues*, and whether
The old one's laſt, and who and who's together?
But how (my deareſt *Cloe*) ſhall I ſet
My Pen to write what I wou'd fain forget?
Or name the loſt thing (*Love*) without a Tear,
Since ſo debauch'd by ill-bred Cuſtoms here?
Love, the moſt generous Paſſion of the Mind,
The ſofteſt Refuge Innocence can find,
The ſafe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wiſhes, and ſecur'd by Truth;
That *Cordial Drop Heaven* in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life go down,
On which one only Bleſſing God might raiſe,
In Lands of Atheiſts, *Subſidies* of Praiſe;
For none did e're ſo dull and ſtupid prove,
But felt a God, and bleſt his Power in Love:

This only Joy for which poor we were made,
Is grown, like Play, to be an arrant *Trade*;
The *Rooks* creep in, and it has got of late
As many little *Cheats* and Tricks as that:
But what ye more a *Womans* Heart wou'd vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own *Sex*.
O filly *Sex*! tho born like *Monarchs* free,
Turn *Gipsies* for a meaner Liberty,
And hate Restrain, tho' but from Infamy:
They call whatever is not common, Nice,
And, deaf to *Natures Rules*, or *Loves Advice*,
Forsake these Pleasure, to pursue the *Vice*:
To an exact perfection they have brought
The Action Love, the Passion is forgot.
'Tis below *Wit*, they say, if we admire;
And even without approving, they desire:
Their private Wish obeys the publick Voice;
'Twixt Good and Bad, Whimsey decides, not Choice;
Fashion's strown up to taste, at Forms they strike,
They know what they would have, not what they like.
Bovy's a *Beauty*, if some few agree — Sir
To call him so, the rest to that degree — *R. B.*
Affected are, that with their Ears they see.
Where I was visiting the other *Night*,
Comes a fine *Lady* with her humble *Knight*,
Who had prevail'd with her thro' her own skill,
At his Request, tho' much against his Will,
To come to *London*------
As the *Coach* stopt, I heard her Voice more loud
Than a *Great bellied Womans* in a *Crowd*,

Telling the *Knight*, thet her Affairs require,
He for ſome Hours obſequiouſly retire.
I think ſhe was aſham'd he ſhou'd be ſeen;
Hard Fate of *Husband*! The *Gallant* had been,
Though a diſeas'd, ill-favour'd *Fool*, brought in.
Diſpatch, ſays ſhe, the Buſineſs you pretend,
Your beaſtly Viſit to your Drunken *Friend*;
A Bottle ever makes you look ſo fine,
Methinks I long to ſmell you ſtink of *Wine*:
Your *Country* drinking Breath's enough to kill,
Sowre Ale, corrected with a *Lemmon Pill*,
Prethee farewel, we'll meet again anon,
The neceſſary thing bows, and is gone.
She flies up ſtairs, and all the haſte do's ſhow
That ſilly *Antick Poſtures* will allow,
And then burſts out-----*And Madam; am not I*
The ſtrangeſt alter'd Creature! Let me die,
I find my ſelf ridiculouſſly grown,
Embarraſt with my being out of Town:
Rude, and untaught like any Indian Queen,
My Country *Nakedneſs is ſtrangely ſeen.*
How is Love *govern'd*, Love *that Rules the State?*
And pray who are the Men *moſt worn of late?*
When I was Marry'd, Fools *were All-amode,*
The Men of Wit were then held incommode,
Slow of belief, and fickle in deſire,
Who, e're they'll be perſwaded muſt enquire;
As if they came to ſpy, not to admire.
With ſearching Wiſdom, fatal to their Eaſe,
They find out why, what may, and ſhould not pleaſe.
Nay, take themſelves for iniur'd, when we dare
Make 'em think better of us than we are:

And

And if we hide our Frailties from their ſights.
Call us deceitful Jilts, *and* Hypocrites;
They little gueſs (who at our Arts are griev'd)
The perfect Joy of being well deceiv'd;
Inquiſitive, as jealous Cuckolds grow,
Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
What being known creates their certain Woe.
Women ſhou'd theſe of all Mankind *avoid,*
For Wonder by clear Knowledge is deſtroy'd;
Woman, *who is an Arrant Bird of Night,*
Bold in the Dusk, before a Fool's dull ſight,
Muſt fly, when Reaſon brings the blazing Light.
But the kind eaſie Fool, *apt to admire*
Himſelf, turns us: his Follies all conſpire
To flatter his, and favour our Deſire:
Vain of his proper Merit, he with eaſe
Believes we love him beſt, we beſt can pleaſe;
On him our groſs dull, common Flatteries paſs?
Ever moſt happy when moſt made an Aſs;
Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind
Perceive us falſe, the Fop himſelf is blind,
Who doating on himſelf------
Thinks ev'ry one that ſees him of his Mind.
Theſe are true Womens Men. Here forc'd to ceaſe
Through want of Breath, not will to hold her peace,
She to the Window runs, where ſhe had ſpy'd
Her much eſteem'd dear *Friend*, the *Monkey* ey'd,
With forty Smiles, as many Antick Bows,
As if't had been the Lady of the Houſe,
The dirty chatt'ring *Monſter* ſhe embrac'd,
And made it this fine tender Speech at laſt.

Kiſs me! thou curious Miniature of Man,
How odd thou art! how pretty! how japan!
Oh I cou'd live and die with thee! Then on
For half an hour in Complements ſhe ran.
I took this time to think what *Nature* meant
When this mixt thing into the *World* ſhe ſent,
So very wiſe, yet ſo impertinent.
One that knows every thing, that *God* thought fit
Shou'd be an *Aſs*, thro' Choice, not want of Wit;
Whoſe *Foppry*, without the help of Senſe,
Cou'd n're have riſe to ſuch an Excellence.
Nature's as lame in making a true *Fop*,
As a *Philoſopher*; the very Top
And Dignity of Folly we attain
By ſtudious ſearch, and labour of the *Brain*;
By Obſervation, Counſel, and deep thought:
God never made a *Coxcomb* worth a Groat;
We owe that Name to Induſtry and Arts;
An eminent *Fool* muſt be a *Man* of Parts:
And ſuch a one was ſhe who had turn'd o're
As many *Books* as Men, lov'd much, read more;
Had a diſcerning *Wit*, to her was known
Ev'ry ones Fault or Merit, but her own:
All the good *Qualities* that ever bleſt
A *Woman*, ſo diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Except Diſcretion only, ſhe poſſeſt.
But now *Moncher*, dear *Pug*; ſays ſhe, Adieu,
And the Diſcourſe broke off, do's thus renew.
You ſmile to ſee me, whom the World perchance
Miſtakes to have ſome Wit, ſo far advance
The Intereſt of Fools, *that I approve*
The Merit more than Mens *of Wit, and Love:*

But

But in our Sex, *too many Proofs there are*
Of ſuch whom Wits *undo, and* Fools *repair:*
This in my time was ſo obſerv'd a Rule,
Hardly a Wench *in* Town *but had her Fool;*
The meaneſt common Slut, *who long was grown*
The Jeſt and Scorn of ev'ry Pit-Buffoon,
Had yet left Charms enough to have ſubdu'd
Some Fop *or other, fond to be thought lewd.*
F---- *could make an* Iriſh Lord, *a* Nokes.
And B---- M---- *had her* City Cokes.
A VVoman's *ne'r ſo ruin'd but ſhe can*
Be ſtill reveng'd on her Undoer, Man.
How leſt ſcere, ſhe'll find ſome Lover *more,*
A more abandon'd Fool, *than ſhe a* VVhore.
That wretched thing, Corinna, *who has run* R:
Through all the ſeveral ways of being undone;
Conzen'd at firſt by Love and living then
By turning the too dear-bought Cheat on Men.
Gay were the Hours, and wing'd with Joy they flew,
When firſt the Town *her early* Beauties *knew;*
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Preſents fed,
Youth in her Cheeks, *and Pleaſure in her Bed.*
Till Fate, *or her ill* Angel, *thought it fit*
To make her doat upon a Man *of* VVit,
Who found 'twas dull to love above a Day,
Made his ill-natur'd Jeſt, and went away:
Now ſcorn'd of all, forſaken, and oppreſt,
She's a *Memento mori* to the Reſt.
Diſeas'd, decay'd, to take up Half a Crown
Muſt Morgage *her Long* Scarf, *and* Mantoe-Gown.
Poor Creature! *who unheard of, as a* Fly,
In ſome dark Hole muſt all the VVinter *lye*

And

And want she must endure a whole halfe year,
That for one Month *she Tawdry may appear:*
In Easter-Term *she gets her a new* Gown,
When my young Masters Worship *comes to* Town;
From Pedagogue, *and* Mother, *just set free,*
The hopeful Heir *of a great* Family;
Who with strong Beer, *and* Beef, *the* Country *rules,*
And ever since the Conquest *have been* Fools
And still with careful prospect, to maintain
This Character, *lest crossing of the* Strain
Shou'd mend the Booby-Breed, *his Friends provide*
A Cousin *of his own to be his* Bride.
And thus set out------
With an Estate, *no* Wit, *and a young* Wife,
The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's *Life;*
Dunghil *and* Pease *forsook, he comes to* Town,
Turns Spark, *learns to be lewd, and is undone.*
Nothing suits worse with Vice, *than want of Sense;*
Fools *are still wicked at their own expence.*
This o're-grown School-boy, *lost* Corinna *wins,*
At the first dash to make an Ass *begins;*
Pretends to like a Man *that has not known*
The Vanities nor Vices of the Town;
Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
Eager of Joys which he do's seldom prove:
Healthful and strong, he do's no Pains endure,
But what the Fair One he adores can cure:
Greateful for Favours, do's the Sex *esteem,*
And Libels *none for being kind to him.*
Then of the Lewdness of the Town *complains,*
Rails at the Wits, *and* Atheists, *and maintains,*

'Tis better than good Sense, than Power, or Wealth,
To have a Blood untainted, Youth, and Health.
The ill bred Puppy, who had never seen
A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
Believes, than falls in love, and then in debt,
Mortgages all, even to the Ancient Seat.
To buy this Mistress a new House for Life,
To give her Plate and Jewels, robs his Wife.
And when to th' heighth of Fondness he is grown,
'Tis time to poison him, and all's her own.
Thus meeting in her Common Arms his Fate,
He leaves her Bastard Heir to his Estate;
And as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
His own dull lawful Progeny he starves.
Nature, who never made a thing in vain,
But do's each Insect to some end ordain,
Wisely provides kind keeping Fools no doubt,
To patch up Vices, Men of Wit wear out.

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of Sence,
Still mixt with Vollies of Impertinence.
But now 'tis time I shou'd some pity show
To *Cloe*, since I cannot chuse but know
Readers must reap the Dulness Writers Sow.
By the next Post I will such Stories tell,
As joyn'd to these, shall to a Volume swell,
Truer than Heaven, more infamous than Hell.
But you are tir'd, and so am I----

Farewel.

The

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

NAked she lay, clasp'd in my longing Arms,
I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms,
Both equally inspir'd with eager Fire,
Melting through Kindness, flaming in Desire;
With Arms, Legs, Lips, close clinging to embrace,
She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her *Face*.
The nimble *Tongue* (Love's lesser Lightning) plaid
Within my Mouth, and to my *Thoughts* convey'd
Swift Orders that I shou'd prepare to throw
The All-dissolving Thunderbolt below.
My flutt'ring Soul, sprung with the pointed *Kiss*,
Hangs hov'ring o're her balmy *Lips* of *Bliss*.
But whilst her busie *Hand* wou'd guide that Part
VVhich shou'd convey my Soul up to her *Heart*,
In liquid Raptures *I* dissolve all o're,
Melt into Sperm and spend at ev'ry Pore:
A Touch from any part of her had don't,
Her *Hand*, her *Foot*, her very Look's a Cunt.
Smiling, she chides in a kind murm'ring Noise,
And from her *Body* wipes the clammy Joys;
VVhen with a thousand Kisses, wandring o're
My panting *Breast*, And is there then no more?
She cries. All this to Love and Rapture's due,
Must we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too?
But I the most forlorn, lost Man alive,
To shew my wish'd Obedience, vainly strive,
I Sigh, alas! and Kiss, but cannot *Swive*.

Eager

Eager Deſires confound my firſt Intent,
Succeeding Shame do's more Succeſs prevent,
And *Rage* at laſt confirms me Impotent:
Even her fair Hand, which might bid Heat return
To frozen *Age*, and make cold *Hermits* burn,
Apply'd to my dead *Cinder*, warms no more
Than Fire to *Aſhes* cou'd paſt Flames reſtore:
Trembling, confus'd, deſpairing, limber, dry,
A wiſhing, weake, unmoving Lump I lie;
This *Dart* of Love, whoſe piercing Point oft try'd
VVith *Virgin blood*, *Ten thouſand Maids* has dy'd;
VVhich *Nature* ſtill directed with ſuch *Art*,
That it through every *Cunt* reach'd e'ry *Heart*;
Stiffly reſolv'd, 'twou'd careleſly ivade
VVoman or *Boy*, nor ought its Fury ſtaid,
VVhere e're it pierc'd, a *Cunt* it found or made:
Now languid lies in this unhappy Hour,
Shrunk up and Sapleſs, like a wither'd *Flower*.
Thou teacherous baſe Deſerter of my Flame,
Falſe to my Paſſion, fatal to my *Fame*;
By what miſtaken *Magick* doſt thou prove
So true to Lewdneſs, ſo untrue to Love?
VVhat *Oyſter*, *Cinder*, *Beggar*, common *VVhore*
Didſt thou e're fail in all thy Life before?
VVhen *Vice*, *Diſeaſe*, and *Scandal* lead the way,
VVith what officious haſte doſt thou obey?
Like a rude roaring *Hector* in the *Streets*,
That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets;
But if his *King* or *Country* claim his Aid,
The *Raſcal Villan* ſhrinks and hides his Head:
Even ſo thy *Brutal Valor* is diſplay'd,
Breaks every *Stews*, do's each ſmall *VVhore invade*,

But

But if great Love the Onſet do's command;
Baſe Recreant, to thy Prince thou darſt not ſtand.
Worſt part of me, and henceforth hated moſt,
Through all the Town the common Fucking *Poſt*,
On whom each whore relieves her tingling Cunt,
As Hogs on Gates do rub themſelves and grunt:
Mayſt thou to rav'nous Shankers be a Prey,
Or in conſuming Weepings waſte away:
May Strangury and Stone thy Days attend;
Mayſt thou ne'r Piſs, who didſt refuſe to Spend,
When all my Joys did on falſe thee depend.
And may ten thouſand abler *Pricks* agree
To do the wrong'd *Corinna* right for thee.

To LOVE.

O! Nunquam pro me ſatis indignate Cupido.

OH Love! how cold and ſlow to take my part,
Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart?
Why thy Old faithful Soldier wilt thou ſee
Oppreſt in thine own Tents? They murder me.
Thy Flames conſume, thy Arrows pierce thy Friends;
Rather on Foes purſue more noble Ends.
Achilles Sword wou'd gen'rouſly beſtow
A Cure, as certain as it gave the Blow.

Hunter,

Hunters, who following flying Game, give o're
When the *Prey*'s caught; *Hope* ſtill leads on before.
We thy own Slaves feel thy tyrannick Blows,
Whilſt thy tame *Hand's* unmov'd againſt thy Foes!
On Men diſarm'd, how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago diſarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull Men live, and Scornful Maids,
We'll own Love valliant, when he theſe invades.
Rome, from each Corner of the *wide World*, ſnatch'd
A Lawrel, or't had been to this Day thatch'd,
But the Old Soldier has his reſting-place,
And the good batter'd Horſe is turn'd to Graſs:
The harraſt *Whore*, who liv'd a wretch to pleaſe,
Has leave to be a Bawd, and takes her Eaſe.
For me then who have freely ſpent my Blood
(*Love*) in thy Service and ſo boldly ſtood
In *Celea*'s Trenches were't not wiſely done
E'en to retire, and live at peace at home?
No------might I gain a Godhead to diſclaim
My glorious Title to my endleſs Flame,
Divinity, with Scorn, I wou'd forſwear;
Such ſweet, dear, tempting Devils Women are.
When e're thoſe Flames grow faint I quickly find
A fierce Black Storm pour down upon my Mind.
Headlong I'm hurl'd, like Horſe-men who in vain
Their (fury foaming) Courſers wou'd reſtrain,
As ſhips; juſt when the *Harbour* they attain,
Are ſnatch'd by ſudden Blaſts to Sea again:
So Love fantaſtick *Storms* reduce my Heart;
Half-reſcu'd, and the God reſumes his Dart.
Strike here, this undefended Boſom wound,
And for ſo brave a Conqueſt be renown'd.

Shafts

Shafts fly ſo faſt to me from ev'ry part;
You'll ſcarce diſcern your Quiver from my Heart.
What wretch can bear alive long Nights dull *Reſt*,
Or think himſelf in lazy Slumbers bleſt?
Fool-----is not Sleep the Image of pale Death?
There's time for Reſt; when Fate has ſtop'd your Breath.
Me, may my ſoft deluding Dear deceive;
I'm happy in my hopes, whilſt I believe.
Now let her flatter; then as fondly chide;
Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
With doubtful Steps the God of War do's mōve;
By the example in Ambiguous Love.
Blow to and fro like Down from thy own *Wing*;
Who knows when *Joy* or *Anguiſh* thou wilt bring?
Yet at thy Mothers and thy Slaves Requeſt;
Fix an Eternal Empire in my Breaſt:
And let th' inconſtant charming *Sex*,
Whoſe wilful Scorn do's Lovers vex;
Submit their Hearts before thy Throne,
The *Vaſſal World* is then thy own.

The Maim'd Debauchee.

AS ſome brave Admiral in former War;
Depriv'd of Force, but preſt with Courage ſtill;
Two Rival-Fleets appearing from afor,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent *Hill*;

From

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wiſe and daring Conduct of the Fight,
And each bold Action to his Mind renews
His preſent Glory, and his paſt Delight.

From his fierce Eyes Flaſhes of Rage he throws,
As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks away,
Tranſported, thinks himſelf amids his foes,
And abſent yet enjoys the bloody Day.

So when my Days of Impotence approach,
And I'm by Pox and Wines unlucky Chance
Driv'n from the pleaſing Billows of Debauch,
On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance,

My Pains at laſt ſome Reſpite ſhall afford,
Whilſt I behold the Battels you maintain,
When fleets of Glaſſes ſail about the Board,
From whoſe Broad-ſides Volleys of Wit ſhall rain.

Nor ſhall the ſight of Honourable Scars,
Which my too forward Valour did procure,
Frighten new-liſted Soldiers from the Wars;
Paſt Joys have more than paid what I endure.

Shou'd hopeful Youths (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from their fair Inviters meanly ſhrink,
Twou'd pleaſe the Ghoſt of my departed Vice,
If at my Counſel they repent and drink.

Or ſhou'd ſome cold-complexion'd Sot forbid,
With his dull Morals, our Nights brisk Alarms,
I'll fire his Blood, by telling what I did
When I was ſtrong, and able to bear Arms.

I'll tell of Whores attaqu'd, their Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortreſs won,
Windows demoliſh'd, Watches overcome,
And handſom Ills, by my contrivance done.

Nor ſhall our Love-fits, *Cloris*, be forgot,
When each the well-lookt Link-boy ſtrove t'enjoy,
And the beſt Kiſs was the deciding Lot,
Whether the Boy us'd you, or I the Boy.

With Tales like theſe, I will ſuch Heat inſpire,
At to important Miſchief ſhall incline;
I'll make them long ſome Ancient Church to fire,
And fear no Lewdneſs they're call'd to by Wine.

Thus States-man like, I'll ſawcily impoſe,
And ſafe from Danger, valiantly adviſe,
Shelter'd in Impotence, urge you to Blows,
And being good for nothing elſe, be wiſe.

The Argument.

How Tall-boy, Kill-Prick, Suck-Prick
did contend
For Bridegroom Dildo, *Friend did fight*
with Friend;
But Man of God, *by* Lay-men *called*
Parſon,
Contriv'd, by turns, how each might rub
her Arſe *on.*

SAy, Heav'n-born *Muſe*, for only thou canſt tell,
How diſcord dire between two widows fell;
VVhat made the Fair One, and her well-ſhap'd
Mother,
Duty forget, and pious Nature ſmother.
VVho was moſt Modeſt, Virtuous, or Fair,
VVas not the cauſe of conteſt, I dare ſwear.
Nor VVit, nor Breeding, rais'd this Emulation;
Thoſe things with them are Trifles out of faſhion.
Great was the Strife rais'd up by envious Fate,
To ruin *Pego's* happy Reign and State.
VVhen *R*---- with evil Eye beheld
The three dear Friends, his Heart with Rancour
ſwell'd,
That in one Houſe they were of one accord,
Wanton in Bed, and Riotous at Board,
Preferring Brawny G---to Spiny Lord;
He vow'd to break this Triple League of Love,
And from their Breaſts ſweet *Friendſhip* to remove.

In a foul Day from Bawdy *Bath* he flies;
To put in Act his hasted Enterprise.
I'th' Bow'r of bliss, where sacred Ballocks dwells;
There lives a Hag deep read in Charms and Spells,
Philters and Potions, that by Magick Skill
Can give an Eunuch Stones, and Cunt its fill;
Babes at her call fly from the breeding Womb,
With neighbor Turd in loathsom Jakes to roam;
As oft as Finger, *Dildoe*, *Pego*, rape
The Virgin *Hymen*, she repairs the Gap:
Fam'd through the world for the Cunt-mending Trade:

To her he goes, t' implore her mighty Aid;
By Men she's call'd the Mother of the Maids.
Hail, worthy Dame, (said he) *repleat with Grace,*
Mother o'th' Maids, Daughter of Noble Race!
Whilst Men of God to Betty B----go,
Whilst Prick and Pen with white and black do's flow,
My lasting Verse shall magnifie thy Fame,
And melting Tarse adore thy holy Name;
Therefore, dear Mother lend thine equal Ear
To my Complaint, and favour my just Pray'r.
There is a Place, adown a gloomy Vale, The Bath.
Where burthen'd Nature lays her nasty Tail;
Ten thousand Pilgrims thither do resort
For Ease, Disease, for Letchery and Sport:
Thither two Beldames and a jilting Wife
Came to Swive off the tedious Hours of Life.
I willing to contribute to their Joy,
Offer'd my Mite to th' young unsatiate Toy,
Who banish'd Cuck, cause Cunt he cou'd not cloy.

Her upright Dam, Kill-Prick, *the wise old Jew,*
Told me, I must twelve times her Womb bedew,
E're her Child Suck-prick *should her Buttocks shew.*
Resolv'd to win (like Hercules*) the Prize,*
Twelve times I scour'd the Kennel 'twixt her thighs;
The cheating Jilt, at th' Twelfth, A dry-bob *cries.*
My Prick and I thus cross-bit in high Rage
Appeal'd to th' skilful Sticklers on the Stage;
With that fair Tall-boy *and bold* Suck-prick *come*
To squeese my Tarse and pass their final Doom;
Saying, if one Priapus I *could shew*
One holy Relick of kind Pearly Dew,
I the twelfth Time in Kill-prick's *Arse did spew.*
To their deciding Test I did submit;
Priapus *squeez'd, a Snow-ball did emit:*
Yet these two partial Dames A dry-bob *cry,*
Prrform your Bargain (Peer) *or Frig and die.*
Thus was I rook'd of twelve substantial Fucks,
By these base stinking over-itching Nocks.
Your Aid, your Aid, dear Mother me inspire
With apt Revenge to feed my raging Fire.
The Gracious Matron, smiling on him, *said,*
Be it as thou desir'st my dear lov'd Lad;
For this Abuse the Rump-fed Runts shall mourn,
Till slimy Cunt to grimy Arse-hole turn.
By her *Caves* Mouth a verdant Myrtle grows,
Bearing *Loves Trophies* on his *Sacred Boughs*;
The *Crowns* of *Kings* were offer'd to this *Shrine,*
Dildoes and *Merkins* of the Royal Line;
Fair *Ladies Hearts* with Mitred *Pricks* transfixt,
In mystick manner make the Crucifix.

To the' Tree she leads him, from a *Bough* pulls down
A mighty Tool, a *Dildoe* of Renown;
A *Dildoe* long, and large, as *Hector's* Lance,
Inscribed, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y' Pence.*
Knight of the Garter made for's vast Deserts,
As Modern *Heroe* was for's monstrous Parts.
This, Pious Son, (said she) nail up in Box,
By Carrier send it these salt-burning Nocks,
Directed thus: *To th' Lady most deserving,*
Who's made most Slaves, and kept most Pricks *from starving.*
O're-joy'd with hop'd Success, away he flies
To *Bath* disguis'd, to bear the welcom Prize;
But when they saw the Image of Blest Man,
Who can express how fast, how swift they ran,
Each for her self to seize't! No Dog at Deer,
Nor Hawk at Hern shew'd such a swift Career;
At once they souse on the beloved Prey,
And sworn Friends do engage in mortal Fray.
Old *Kill Prick*, dreadful to her Friends and Foes,
Like *Luxemburgh* in *Back* and *Breast*-plate shows.
Gigantick *Tall-boy*, famed in the West
For *Cornish Hugg*, to th' Fight her self addrest;
Whilst the Child *Suck-Prick* hop'd to steal away,
By Stratagem, the Glory of the Day.
But all in vain, *Tall boy* with one Hand held
Jove's Prize, with th'other crafty *Suck-Prick* fell'd:
But Looks, nor Meanaces, nor crashing Blow,
Could make stout *Kill Prick* quit her lov'd *Dildoe*:
Undaunted, she maintain'd a cruel Fight,
For Conquest scratcht and tore with all her might.

So

So have I ſeen a crump-backt Crablowſe ſtick
With fervent love to lick creating Prick;
The more he pulls, the more the loving Wretch
Do's ſtrive to ſtay, and to each Hair do's catch,
Till murd'ring Man, enrag'd, from Ballock tears
The Nock-born Brat, and ends his hopeful Years.
So had it far'd with *Kill-Prick*, had not Fate
Sent *Man of God* to end the dire Debate.
What Rage, what Fury (ſaid he) *do's ye ſtir,*
To ſhed the Blood of Saints in cruel War?
How will you make the Mother-Church to mourn,
And to Fanaticks be the Publick Scorn?
For ſhame, Dear Souls, reſerve your Noble Blood
To ſpend with Man. Abaſht the Warriors ſtood
To ſee the Holy Father in the Place;
But ſtrait on th' Matter putting a good Face,
Thus *Kill Prick* ſpake:
To you, O Reverend Sir,
The Juſtneſs of the Cauſe I will transfer;
A Cauſe too great for Lay-men vile to try,
Fit for Plus Ultra's *deep Divinity;*
A cauſe for which Bleſt Saints above won'd die!
The modeſt *Tall-boy* ſo devout appears,
Though ſtealing Pricks, you'd think ſhe ſaid her Pray'rs.
And though ſh' had almoſt won the bloody Field,
With *Suck-Prick* (Babe of Grace) to this do's yield.
The cauſe being ſtated, Holy Man do's pray
For a Bleſſing on's Endeavours, then do's ſay,
Whereas, Sage Matrons, you do all agree
Your Caſe to yield to my Integrity,
Fitter for General Council than weak me;

Dildo's *a lawful Tool, deny't who can,*
I'll prove 'tis made for a meet help for Man;
As unto Rector, Curate is aſſiſtant,
So Dildoe's *to faln Prick, when Cunt has piſt on't.*
But here's th' Elect ordain'd for Propagation,
Who truſts in this, is bleſt in Generation:
This has done more than Tunbridge, Bath *or* Epſom,
Though ne're ſo barren, this is ſure to help 'em.
Then pulling out the Rector of the Females,
Nine times he bath'd him in their piping hot Tails:
Panting, quoth he, *Now Peace be on you all,*
When I am abſent, then on Dildoe *call;*
As thoſe in holy Church to Image pray,
When Wonder-working Saint is out o' th' way.
Thus all well-pleas'd, to Church away they go,
To ſing *Te Deum* for their dear *Dildoe.*

An Alluſion to Horace,

The Tenth Satyr of the Firſt Book.

Nempe incompoſito Dixi pede, &c.

WEll Sir, 'tis granted, I ſaid *D* --- Rhimes
Were ſtoln, unequal, nay dull many times:
What fooliſh Patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?

But

But that his Plays, embroyder'd up and down
With Wit and Learning, justly pleas'd the Town,
In the same Paper I as freely own.
Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Mass
That stuffs up his loose Volumes must not pass;
For by that Rule I might as well admit
Crown's tedious Scenes for Poetry and Wit.
'Tis therefore not enough when your false Sense
Hits the false Judgment of an Audience,
Or Clapping Fools assembled a vast Crowd,
Till the thronged *Playhouse* crack with the *dull Load*;
Though ev'n that Talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the Rabble, and the Court;
Which blundring *S*---- never cou'd attain,
And puzling *O*---- labours at in vain:
But within due Proportions circumscribe
What e're you write, that with a flowing Tide
The Style may rise, yet in its rise forbear
With useless words t' oppress the wearied Ear.
Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite:
For Elegance sake sometimes allay the force
Of Epithets, 'twill soften the Discourse.
A Jest in scorn points out and hit the thing
More home than the morosest *Satyr*'s Sting.
Shakespear and *Johnson* did herein excel,
And might in this be imitated well;
Whom refin'd *E*---- copies not at all,
But is himself a meer Original.
Nor that slow Druge in swift *Pinderick Strains*,
F---- who *C*---- imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded Muse whipt with loose Reins.

When

When *Lee* makes temp'rate *Scipio* fret and rave,
And *Hannibal* a whining Amorous Slave,
I laugh, and wiſh the hot-brain'd Fuſtian Fool
In *B*---- Hands, to be well laſht at School.
Of all our Modern Wits, none ſeems to me
Once to have toucht upon true *Comedy*,
But haſty *Shadwel*, and ſlow *Wicherly*.
Shadwel's unfiniſhed Works do yet impart
Great Proofs of force of Nature, none of Art;
With juſt bold Strokes he daſhes here and there,
Shewing great Maſtery, with little Care;
And ſcorns to varniſh his good Touches o're,
To make the Fools and Woman praiſe 'em more.
But *Wichery* earns hard what e're he gains,
He wants no Judgement, nor he ſpares no Pains;
He frequently excels, and at the leaſt
Makes fewer Faults than any of the beſt.
Waller, by Nature for the *Bays* deſign'd,
With Force, and Fire, and Fancy unconfin'd,
In *Panegyricks* do's excel Mankind.
He beſt can turn, enforce, and ſoften things,
To praiſe Great Conquerors, or to flatter Kings.
For pointed *Satyrs* I would *Buckhurſt* chuſe,
The beſt good Man, with the worſt natur'd Muſe,
For Songs and Verſes, mannerly, obſcene,
That can ſtir Nature up by Sprin unſeen,
And without forcing Bluſhes, warm the Queen.
Sidley has that prevailing, gentle Art,
That can with a reſiſtleſs Charm impart
The looſeſt Wiſhes to the chaſteſt Heart;
Raiſe ſuch a Conflict, kindle ſuch a Fire,
Betwixt declining Virtue and deſire,

Till

Till the poor vanquisht Maid dissolves away,
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.
D---- in vain try'd this nice way of Wit,
For he to be a tearing Blade thought fit;
But when he wou'd be sharp, he still was blunt,
To frisk his frollick Fancy, he'd cry *Cunt*,
Wou'd give the Ladies a dry Bawdy Bob,
And thus he got the Name of *Poet Squab.*
But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
His Excellencies more than Faults abound;
Nor dare I from his Sacred Temples tear
That Lawrel which he best deserves to wear.
But do's not *D----* find even *Johnson* dull?
Fletcher and *Beaumont* uncorrect, and full
Of *lewd Lines*, as he calls them? *Shakespear's* Style
Stiff and affected; to his own the while
Allowing all the Justness that his Pride
So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
And may not I have leave impartially
To search and consure D---- Works, and try
If those gross Faults his choice Pen do's commit,
Proceed from want of Judstement, or of Wit?
Or if his lumpish Fancy do's refuse
Spirit and Grace, to lose his flattern Muse?
Five hundred Verses every Morning writ,
Proves you no more a Poet, than a Wit:
Such scribling Authors have been seen before;
Mustapha, th' *English Princess*, Forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour:
To write what may securely stand the Test
Of being well read over Thrice at least,

Compare

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Compare

Compare each Phraſe, examine every Line;
Weigh ev'ry *Word*, and ev'ry *Thought* refine;
Scorn all *Applauſe* the vile Rout can beſtow,
And be content to pleaſe thoſe few you know.
Canſt thou be ſuch a vain miſtaken *Thing*,
To wiſh thy *Works* might make a Playhouſe ring
With the unthinking *Laughter* and poor *Praiſe*
Of Fops and Ladies, factious for thy *Plays*?
Then ſend a cunning to learn thy Doom
From the ſhrewd Judges of the Drawing Room.
I've no *Ambition* on that idle ſcore,
But ſay with *Betty M*---- heretofore,
When a Court Lady call'd her *B*---- *Whore*;
I pleaſe one Man of *Wit*, am proud on't too,
Let all the Coxcombs dance to *Bed* to you.
Shou'd I be troubled when the pur-blind Knight,
Who ſquints more in his Judgment than his Sight,
Picks ſilly Faults, and cenſures what I write?
Or when the poor-fed *Poets* of the *Town*
For Scraps and Coach-room cry my Verſes down?
I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me
If *S*----, *S*----, *W*----,
G----, *B*----, B----, B---,
And ſome few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my Senſe, I count their Cenſure Fame.

In Defence of Satyr.

WHen *Shakſpear*, *Johnſon*, *Fletcher* rul'd the Stage,
They took ſo bold a Freedom with the Age,
That there was ſcarce a Knave or fool in *Town*,
Of any Note, but had his Picture ſhown;
And (without doubt) though ſome it may offend,
Nothing helps more than *Satyr* to amend
Ill Manners, or is trulier Virtues Friend.
Princes may Laws ordain, *Prieſts* gravely *Preach*,
But *Poets* moſt ſucceſsfully will teach.
For as a *Paſſing-bell* frights from his Meat
The greedy ſick Man that too much wou'd eat;
So when a Vice ridiculous is made,
Our Neigbor's Shame keeps us from growing bad.
But wholeſome Remedies few *Palats* pleaſe,
Men rather love that flatters their Diſeaſe;
Pimps, Paraſite, Buffoons, and all their Crew
That under Friendſhips Name weak Man undo,
Find their falſe Service kindlier underſtood,
Than ſuch as tell bold *Truths* to do us good.
Look where you will, and you ſhall hardly find
A Man without ſome ſickneſs of the Mind.
In vain we *Wiſe* wou'd ſeem, while ev'ry Luſt
Whisks us about, as *Whirlwinds* do the Duſt.
Here, for ſome needleſs Gain, a *Wretch* is hurl'd
From *Pole* to *Pole*, and ſlav'd about the *World*;

While

VVhile the Reward of all his *Pains* and Care
Ends in that deſpicable Thing, his Heir.
There a vain *Fop* Morgages all his Land,
To buy that gaud *Play*-thing, a Command;
To ride a Cock-horſe, wear a Scarfe at's Arſe,
And play the *Puding* in a *May-day* Farce.
Here one, whom God to make a *Fool* thought fit,
In ſpite of Providence will be a VVit;
But wanting Strength t'uphold his ill-made choice,
Sets up with Lewdneſs, *Blaſphemy*, and Noiſe.
There, at his Miſtris Feet, a Lovers lies,
And for a tawdry painted Baby dies;
Fall on his Knees adores, and is afraid
Of the vain Idol he himſelf has made.
Theſe, and a Thouſand *Fools* unmention'd here,
Hate *Potes* all, becauſe they *Poets* fear:
Take heed (they cry) yonder Mad Dog will bite,
He cares not whom he falls on in his *Fit*;
Come but in's way, and ſtrait a new *Lampoon*
Shall ſpread your mang'd *Fame* about the Town.
But why am I this *Bug*-bear to ye all;
My *Pen* is dipt in no ſuch bitter Gall.
He that can rail at one he calls his *Friend*,
Or hear him abſent wrong'd, and not defend;
VVho for the ſake of ſome ill natur'd Jeſt,
Tells what he ſhou'd conceal, invents the reſt;
To fatal Midnight Quarrels can betray
His brave Companion, and then run away,
Leaving him to be murder'd in the *Street*,
Then put it off with ſome *Buffoon* Conceit;
This, this is he you ſhou'd beware of all,
Yet him a pleaſant, witty Man you call.

To whet your dull Debauches, up and down
You ſeek him, as top Filder of the Town.
But if I laugh when the Court-Coxcombs ſhow,
To ſee that Booby *Sotus* dance *Provoe*,
Or chart'ring *Porus* from the Side-Box grin,
Trickt like a Ladies Monkey new made clean,
To me the Name of *Railler* ſtrait you give,
Call me a Man that knows not how to live.
But Wenches to their Keepers true ſhall turn,
Stale Maids of Honour proffer'd Husbands ſcorn,
Great Statesmen Flattery and Clinches hate,
And, long in Office, die without Eſtate;
Againſt a *Bribe*, Court-Judges ſhall decide
The City Knavery, the Clergy Pride,
E're that black Malice in my Rhimes you find,
That wrongs a Worthy Man, or hurts a Friend:
But then perhaps you'l ſay, Why do you write?
What you think harmleſs Mirth, the World
Thinks Spite;
Why ſhou'd your Fingers itch to have a Laſh
At *Simius* the Buffoon, or *Cully Baſh*?
What is't to you, if *Alcidore's* fine VVhore
Fucks with ſome Fop, whilſt he's ſhut out of doors?
Conſider pray; that dang'rous VVeapon VVit;
Frightens a Million, when a few you hit.
VVhip but a Cur, as you ride through a Town;
And ſtrait his Fellow-Curs the Quarrel own.
Each Knave or Fool that's conſcious of a Crime;
Tho' he ſcapes now looks for't another time.
Sir, I confeſs all you have ſaid is true;
But who has not ſome Folly to purſue?

Mdo turn'd *Quixot*, fancy'd Battels, Fights,
When the fifth Bottle had encreas'd the Lights.
War-like Dirt-pies our *Heroe Paris* forms,
Which desp'rate *Bessus* without *Armour* storms.
Cornus, the kindest Husband e're was born,
Still courts the Spark that do's his Brows adorn?
Invites him home to dine, and fills his Veins
With the hot Blood which his dear Doxy drains.
Grandio thinks himself a *Beau Garcon*,
Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down,
And with his sawcy Love plagues all the Town.
While pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,
He's caught with G------, that old Hag a bed,
But shou'd I all the crying follies tell
That rowse the sleeping *Satyr* from his Cell,
I to my Reader shou'd as tedious prove,
As that old Spark, *Albanus*, making Love;
Or florid *Roscius*; when with some smooth Flam
He gravely on the Publick tries to sham.
Hold then, my Muse, 'tis time to make an end,
Lest taxing others thou thy self offend.
The *World*s a *Wood*, in which all lose their way,
Though by a diffrent Path each goes astray.

On

On the ſuppoſed Author of a late Poem *in defence of* Satyr.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain
In *Satyrs* praiſe, to a low untun'd Strain,
In thee was moſt impertinent and vain.
VVhen in thy *Perſon* we moſt clearly ſee
That *Satyr's* of Divine Authority,
For *God* made one on *Man*, when he made Thee;
To ſhew there were ſome *Men*, as there are *Apes*,
Fram'd for meer Sport, who differ but in Shapes;
In thee are all theſe Contradictions joyn'd,
That make an *Aſs* prodigious and refin'd.
A Lump deform'd and ſhapeleſs wert thou born,
Begot in Love's deſpite, and Nature's ſcorn,
And art grown up the moſt ungrateful Wight,
Harſh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight;
Yet *Love's* thy Buſ'neſs, *Beauty* thy Delight.
Curſe on that ſilly Hour that firſt inſpir'd
Thy Madneſs, to pretend to be admir'd,
To paint thy grizly Face, to dance, to dreſs,
And all thoſe awkward Follies that expreſs
Thy loathſome Love, and filthy Daintineſs;
Who needs will be an ugly *Beau Garcon*,
Spit at, and ſhunn'd by ev'ry *Girl* in *Town*,
Where dreadfully *Loves Scarecrow* thou art plac'd,
To fright the tender Flock that long to taſte:
While ev'ry coming *Maid*, when you appear,
Starts back for ſhame, and ſtraight turns Chaſte for fear.

For none so poor or *Prostitute* have prov'd,
Where you made love, t'endure to be belov'd.
'Twere labour lost, or else I would advise,
But thy half *Wit* will ne're let thee be wise:
Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,
Half-honest (which is very much a *Knave*)
Made up of all these halfs, thou canst not pass
For any thing intirely but an *Ass*.

The Answer.

RAil on, poor feeble *Scribler*, speak of me
In as bad Terms as the World speaks of thee.
Sit swelling in thy *Hole* like a vext *Toad*,
And full of *Pox* and *Malice* spit abroad;
Thou canst hurt no *Man's Fame* with thy ill word,
Thy Pen is full as harmless as thy *Sword*.

Seneca's Troas, *Act.* 2. Chorus.

AFter Death Nothing is, and Nothing, Death,
The utmost Limits of a gasp of Breath:
Let the ambitious Zealot lay aside
His Hopes of *Heav'n* (where Faith is but his Pride)
Let *Slavish Souls* lay by their Fear,
Nor be concern'd which way nor where,

After

'After this *Life* they ſhall be hurl'd '
Dead, we become the *Lumber* of the *World*,
And to that *Maſs* of *Matter* ſhall be ſwept,
Where things *deſtroy'd* with things *unborn* are kept:
Devouring Time ſwallows us whole,
Impartial *Death* confounds *Body* and *Soul*:
For *Hell*, and the foul *Fiend*, that rules
God's everlaſting fiery *Goales*,
Devis'd by *Rogues*, dreaded by *Fools*,
(With his grim griezly *Dog*, that keeps the *Door*)
Are ſenſleſs *Stories*, idle *Tales*,
Dreams, *Whimſeys*, and no more.

Upon Nothing.

1.

NOthing, thou *Elder Brother* even to Shade,
Thou hadſt a Being e're the *World* was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

2.

E're Time and Place were, Time & Place were not,
When *Primitive Nothing* ſomething ſtraight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united What?

3.

Something, the general *Attribute* of all,
Sever'd from thee its ſole *Original*,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

4.

Yet ſomething did thy Mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful Emptineſſes Hand
Snatch *Men*, *Beaſts*, *Birds*, *Fire*, *Air* and *Land*

5.

Matter, the wicked'ſt Off ſpring of thy Race,
By *Form* aſſiſted, flew from thy Embrace,
And *Rebel Light* obſcur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

6.

With *Form* and *Matter*, *Time* and *Place* did joyn,
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful *Realm*, and ruin all thy *Line*.

7.

But Turn-coat *Time* aſſiſts the Foe in vain.
And brib'd by thee, aſſiſts thy ſhort-liv'd Reign,
And to thy hungry *Womb* drives back thy Slaves
again.

8.

Tho' *Myſteries* are barr'd from laick-Eyes,
And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
Into thy *Boſom*, where thy *Truth* in private lies:

9.

Yet this of thee the *Wiſe* may freely ſay,
Thou from the *Virtuous* nothing tak'ſt away,
And to be part of thee, the *Vicked* wiſely pray.

10. Great

10.

Great *Negative*, how vainly wou'd the VVise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their dull *Philosophies*.

11.

Is, or Is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And true or false the Subject of Debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

12.

When they have rack'd the Politicians Breast,
Within thy *Bosom* most securely rest,
And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

13.

But *Nothing*, why dost *Something* still permit
That Sacred *Monarchs* shou'd at Council sit
With *Persons* highly thought, at best, for *nothing* fit?

14.

VVhilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains
From Princes *Coffers*, and from States-mens *Brains*,
And *Nothing* there like stately *Nothing* reigns.

15.

Nothing, who dwel'st with Fools in grave disguise,
For whom the rev'rend *Shapes* and *Forms* devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they
like thee look wise.

16.

French Truth, *Dutch* Proweſs, *Brittiſh* Policy,
Hybernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Diſpatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly ſeen in (thee.

17.

The Great *Mans* Gratitude to his beſt *Friend*,
Kings Promiſes, *Whores* Vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Upon his leaving his Miſtriſs.

TIs not that I'm weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone,
But with what Face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine?
You whom ſome *kinder Pow'r* did faſhion,
By Merit, and by Inclination,
The Joy at leaſt of one whole *Nation*.

Let meaner Spirits of your *Sex*
With humbler Aims their Thoughts perplex,
And boaſt if by their Arts they can
Contrive to make one happy *Man*;
VVhilſt mov'd with an impartial Senſe,
Favours like Nature you diſpenſe,
VVith Univerſal Influence.

See the kind-receiving Earth
To ev'ry Grain affords a *Birth*;
On her no Show'rs unwelcom fall
Her willing *Womb* retains them all;
And ſhall my *Celia* be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty *Mind*,
And be the Miſtriſs of *Mankind*.

Song.

IN the *Fields* of *Lincolns-Inn*,
Underneath a tatter'd *Blanket*,
On a *Flock-Bed*, God be thanked,
Feats of active *Love* were ſeen.

Phillis, who you know loves Swiving,
As the *Gods* love pious *Prayers*,
Lay moſt *Penſively* contriving
How to Fuck with *Pricks* by Pairs.

Coridon's aſpiring *Tarſe*,
VVhich to *Cunt* had ne're ſubmitted,
VVet with Am'rous Kiſs, ſhe fitted
To her leſs frequented *Arſe*.

Strephon's was a *Handful longer*,
Stiffly propt with eager *Luſt*,
None for *Champion* was more ſtronger,
This into her *Cunt* he thruſt.

Now for Civil VVars prepare,
Rais'd by fierce inteſtine buſtle
VVhen theſe *Heroes* meeting juſtle
In the Bowels of the Fair.

They *Tilt* and *Thruſt* with horrid pudder,
Blood and Slaughter is decreed,
Hurling Souls at one another,
VVrapt in flakey Clots of Seed.

Nature had 'twixt *Cunt* and *Arſe*
VVilely plac'd firm ſeparation,
God knows elſe what deſolation
Had enſu'd from warring *Tarſe*.

Though *Fate* a diſmal end did threaten,
It prov'd no worſe than was deſir'd;
The *Nymph* was ſoundly Ballock-beaten,
Both the Shepherds ſoundly tir,d.

Upon his drinking a Bowl.

Vulcan, contrive me ſuch a Cup
As *Neſtor* us'd of old,
Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with Gold.

Make

Make it ſo large, that fill'd with Sack
Up to the ſwelling Brim,
Vaſt Toaſts on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea may ſwim.

Engrave not Battel on his Cheek;
With War I've nought to do,
I,m none of thoſe that took *Maſtrich*,
Nor *Yarmouth* Leaguer knew.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fix'd Stars, or Conſtellations?
For I am no Sir *Sydrophel*,
Nor none of his Relations?

But carve thereon a ſpreading Vine,
Then add two lovely Boys,
Their Limds in Amorous Folds entwine,
The Type of future Joys.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are,
May Drink and Love ſtill reign,
With Wine *I* waſh away my Cares,
And then to Cunt again.

Song.

Song.

AS *Cloris* full of harmleſs thoughts
Beneath a *Willow* lay,
Kind *Love* a youthful *Shepherd* brought
To paſs the time away.

She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the Amorous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In ſpite of her diſdain,
She found a Pulſe in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah Youth (ſaid ſhe) what *Charms* are theſe
That Conquer and Surprize?
Ah let me----for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear ſhe ſhou'd comply;
Her lovely *Eyes* her *Heart* betray,
And give her *Tongue* the Lie.

Thus ſhe whom *Princes* had deny'd,
With all their *Pomp* and *Train*,
Was in the lucky *Minute* try'd,
And yielded to the *Swain*.

Song.

QUoth the Dutcheſs of *Cl*---- to Mrs. *Kn*----
I'd fain have a *Prick*, but how to come by't,
I deſire you'll be ſecret, and give your Advice,
Though Cunt be not coy, Reputation is nice.

To ſome Cellar in *Sodom* your Grace muſt retire,
There *Porters* with Black Pots ſit round a *Coal-fire.*
There open your Caſe, and your Grace cannot fail
Of a Dozen of *Pricks* for a Dozen of *Ale:*

I't ſo, quoth the Dutcheſs? *Ay* by God, quoth the *Whore*;
Then give me the Key that unlocks the Back door,
For *I* had rather be fuckt with Porters and Carmen,
Than thus be abus'd by *C*----and *G*----

Song.

I Riſe at Eleven, *I* Dine about *Two*,
I get Drunk before Seven, and the next thing I do,
I ſend for my *Whore*, when for fear of a *Clap*,
I Spend in her Hand, and *I* Spew in her Lap;
There we quarrel and ſcold till *I* fall aſleep,

VVhen

When the Bitch growing bold, to my Pocket do's creep.
Then ſlyly ſhe leaves me, and to revenge the Affront,
At once ſhe bereaves me of Money and Cunt.
If by chance then I wake, hot-headed and drunk,
What a coil do I make for the loſs of my Punk?
I ſtorm, and I roar, and I fall in a rage,
And miſſing my Whore, I bugger my Page.
Then Crop-ſick all Morning, I rail at my Men,
And in Bed I lie yawning till Eleven agen.

Song.

LOve a Woman! y'are an Aſs,
'Tis a moſt inſipid Paſſion,
To chuſe out for Happineſs
The idleſt part of God's Creation.

Let the Porter and the Grhom,
Things deſign'd for dirty Slaves,
Drudge in fair *Amelia*'s Womb,
To get Supplies for Age and Graves.

Farewel Woman, *I* intend
Henceforth ev'ry Night to ſit
With my lewd well-natur'd Friend,
Drinking, to engender Wit.

Then

Then give me Health, VVealth, Mirth, and Wine;
And if buſie Love intrenches,
There's a ſweet ſoft Page of mine,
Do's the Trick worth Forty VVenches.

Song to Cloris.

FAir *Cloris* in a Pig-ſty lay,
Her tender Herd lay by her;
She ſlept, in murm'ring Gruntlings they
Complaining of the ſcorching Day,
Her ſlumbers thus inſpire.

She dreamt, while ſhe with careful pains
Her ſnowy *Arms* employ'd,
In *Ivory* Pails, to fill out Grains,
One of her Love-convicted Swains
Thus haſting to her, cry'd;

Fly, *Nymph*! Oh fly! e're 'tis too late,
A dear-lov'd Life to ſave;
Reſcue your Boſom-Pig from Fate,
VVho now expires, hung in the Gate
That leads to yonder Cave.

My ſelf had try'd to ſet him free,
Rather than brought the News,
But I am ſo abhorr'd by thee,
That ev'n thy Darlings Life from me
I know thou wou'dſt refuſe.

Struck

Struck with the News, as quick ſhe flies
As Bluſhes to her Face;
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
No Love ſhot from her brighter Eyes,
Move half ſo ſwift a pace.

This Plot it ſeems the Luſtful Slave
Had lad againſt her Honour,
Which not one God took care to ſave,
Eor he purſues her to the Cave,
And throws himſelf upon her.

Now pierced is her *Virgin Zone*,
She feels the *Foe* within it,
She hears a broken Am'rous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
Juſt in the happy *Minute*.

Frighted ſhe wakes, and waking Friggs,
Nature thus kindly eas'd;
In Dreams rais'd by her murm'ring *Piggs*,
And her own Thumb between her *Leggs*,
She innocent and pleas'd.

Song

Song.

GIve me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you falſe, and then to ſay,
You ſhall not keep my *Heart* a day.
But alas! againſt my will,
I muſt be your Captive ſtill:
Ah! be kinder then, for *I*
Cannot change, and would not die.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs Charms,
All beſides but weakly move,
Fierceſt Anger it diſarms,
And clips the Wings of flying *Love*.
Beauty do's the Heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the *Lover*'s ſervile Chain,
And makes the Saint grow pleas'd again.

The Anſwer.

NOthing adds to your fond Fire
More than Scorn, and cold Diſdain;
I, to cheriſh your Deſire,
Kindneſs us'd, but 'twas in vain.

You

You insulted on your Slave,
Humble Love you soon refus'd,
Hope not then a Pow'r to have
Which ingloriously you us'd.

Think not *Thirsis*, I will e're
By my Love my Empire lose;
You grow constant through Despair,
Love return'd you wou'd abuse.
Though you still possess my Heart,
Scorn and Rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only Art
Love has left your Love to gain.

You that cou'd my Heart subdue,
To new Conquests ne're pretend,
Let your Example make me true,
And of a Conquer'd Foe, a Friend:
Then if e're I shou'd complain
Of your Empire, or my Chain,
Summon all your pow'rful Charms,
And sell the Rebel in your Arms.

Song.

PHillis, be gentler I adviſe,
Make up for time miſ-ſpent;
When Beauty on its Death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
That makes you old ſo ſoon,
Your Pleaſure ever comes too late,
How early ere begun.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe
Whoſe Stars contrive in ſpight,
The Morning of her Love ſhou'd be
Her fading Beauties Night.

Then if you make your Ruin more,
You'l peewiſhly be coy,
Die with the Scandal of a Whore,
And never know the Joy.

Song.

WHat cruel pains *Corinna* takes
To force that harmleſs Frown,

VVhen not a Charm her Face forſakes,
Love cannot loſe his own.

So ſweet a Face, ſo ſoft a Heart,
Such Eyes ſo very kind,
Betrays, alas! the ſilly Art
Virtue had ill deſign'd.

Poor feeble Tyrant, who in vain
VVou'd proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind Nature to maintain
Affected Rules of Honour.

The Scorn ſhe bears ſo helpleſs proves,
VVhen I plead Paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears, but more ſhe loves,
Her Vaſſal ſhou'd undo her.

Womans Honour.

LOve bad me hope, and I obey'd,
Phillis continu'd ſtill unkind;
Then you may e'en deſpair he ſaid,
In vain I ſtrive to change her Mind.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
Durſt he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your part,
And ſhew my ſelf the mightier God.

This

This huffing Honour domineers
In Breaſts alone where he has place;
But if true gen'rous Love appears,
The Hector dares not ſhew his Face.

Let me ſtill languiſh and complain,
Be moſt unhumanly deny'd,
I have ſome Pleaſure in my Pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

I fall a Sacrifice to Love,
She lives a VVretch for Honour's ſake;
VVhoſe Tyrant do's moſt cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

Conſider real Honour then,
You'l find hers cannot be the ſame;
'Tis noble Confidence in Men,
In VVomen, mean miſtruſtful Shame.

Song.

TO this Moment a Rebel, *I* throw down my Arms,
Great *Love*, at firſt ſight of *Olinda*'s bright Charms,
Made proud, and ſecure, by ſuch Forces as theſe,
You may now play the *Tyrant* as ſoon as you pleaſe.

When innocent Beauty and Wit do conſpire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my Deſire;
Why ſhou'd I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleaſing hope by baſe fear be deſtroy'd?

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why ſhou'd it purſue me?
And Wit has to Pleaſure been ever a Friend, (end?
Then what room for Deſpair, ſince Delight is *Loves*

There can be no danger in Sweetneſs and Youth,
Where love is ſecur'd by good Nature and Truth.
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleaſure complain,
While every kind look adds a link to my Chain.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to ſurprize,
But her wit leads in triumph the ſlave of her Eyes;
I beheld with the loſs of my freedom before,
But hearing, for ever muſt ſerve and adore.

Too bright is my Goddeſs, her Temple too weak;
Retire divine Image, I feel my heart break:
Help Love! I diſſolve in a Rapture of Charms,
At the *thought* of thoſe *Joys I* ſhould meet in her *Arms*.

Song.

HOw happy *Cloris* (were they free)
Might our Enjoyments prove?
But you with formal Jealouſie
Are ſtill tormenting Love.

Let

Let us (ſince wit inſtructs us how)
  Raiſe the Pleaſure to the top;
If Rival Battle you'll allow,
  I'll ſuffer Rival Fop.

There's not a brisk inſipid Spark
  That flutters in the Town,
But with your wanton Eyes you mark
  The Coxcomb for your own.

You never think it worth your care,
  How empty and how dull
The heads of your admirers are,
  So that their Cods be full.

All this you freely may confeſs,
  Yet we'll not diſagree;
For did you love your Pleaſure leſs,
  You were not fit for me.

While I, my Paſſion to purſue,
  Am whole Nights taking in
The luſty Juice of Grapes, take you
  The luſty Juice of Men.

Love *and* Life, *a Song.*

ALl my paſt life is mine no more,
  The flying hours are gone;
Like tranſitory Dreams giv'n o're,
Whoſe Images are kept in ſtore
  By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not,
How can it then be mine?
The preſent Moment's all my Lot,
And that, as faſt as it is got,
Phillis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of Inconſtancy,
Falſe Hearts, and broken Vows,
If *I* by Miracle can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

The Fall, a Song.

HOw bleſt was the Created State?
Of Man and Woman, e're they fell,
Compar'd to our unhappy Fate?
We need not fear another Hell.

Naked beneath cold ſhades they lay,
Enjoyment waited on Deſire,
Each Member did their *Wills* obey
Nor cou'd a *Wiſh* ſet Pleaſure higher.

But we poor *Slaves* to Hope and Fear
Are never of our Joys ſecure;
They leſſen ſtill as they draw near,
And none but dull Delights endure.

Then

Then *Cloris*, whilſt *I* Duty pay,
The Nobler *Tribute* of my Heart,
Be not you ſo ſevere to ſay
You love me for a frailer part.

Song.

WHilſt on thoſe lovely looks *I* gaze
To ſee a VVretch purſuing,
In Raptures of a bleſt amaze,
This pleaſing happy Ruin;
'Tis not for pity that *I* move,
His Fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe *Heart* broke with a load of *Love*,
Dies wiſhing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forgo,
Your ſlave from Death removing,
Let me Your Art of Charming know
Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether life or death betide,
In Love, 'tis equal meaſure,
The Victor lives with empty Pride,
The vanquiſh'd die with Pleaſure.

Song.

BY all Love's ſoft, yet mighty Pow'rs
It is a thing unfit
That Men ſhou'd Fuck in time of Flowr's,
Or when the Smock's beſhit.

Fair naſty *Nymph*, be clean and kind,
And all my Joys reſtore;
By uſing paper ſtill behind,
And Spunges for before.

My ſpotleſs Flames can ne're decay,
If after ev'ry Cloſe
My ſmoakitg Prick eſcape the Fray
Without a bloody Noſe.

If thou wou'dſt have me true, be kind;
And take to cleanly ſinning;
None but freſh Lovers Pricks can riſe
At *Phillis* in foul Linnen.

Song.

ROom, room for a Blade of the Town,
That takes delight in Roaring,
And daily rambles up and down,
And at Night in the ſtreets lies Snoaring;

That

That for the Noble Name of *Spark*
Dares his Companions rally,
Commits an Outrage in the dark;
Then ſlinks into an Alley.
To ev'ry Female that he meets
He ſwears he bears Affection;
Defies all Laws, Arreſts, and Fears,
By the help of a kind Protection.
Then he intending further wrongs.
By ſome reſenting *Cully*
Is decently run through the Lungs,
And there's an end of *Bully*.

Song.

AGainſt the Charms our *Ballocks* have,
How weak all humane Skill is?
Since they can make a Man a ſlave
To ſuch a Bitch as *Phillis*.

Whom that I may deſcribe throughout,
Aſſiſt me bawdy *Pow'rs*,
I'll write upon a Double Clout,
And dip my *Pen* in Flow'rs.

Her *Look's* demurely impudent,
Ungainly beautiful;
Her Modeſty is inſolent,
Her Mirth is pert and dull.

A Proſtitute to all the *Town*,
And yet with no Man Friends.
She rails and ſcolds when ſhe lies down,
And curſes when ſhe ſpends.

Bawdy in *Thoughts*, preciſe in *Words*,
Ill-natur'd, and a *Whore*:
Her *Belly* is a bag of *Turds*,
And her Cunt a Common ſhore.

Song.

I Cannot change as others do,
Though you unjuſtly ſcorn,
Since that poor Swain that ſighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No *Phillis*, no, your Heart to move,
A ſurer way I'll try,
And to revenge my ſlighted Love,
Will ſtill love on, will ſtill love on, and die.

When kill'd with Grief, *Amyntas* lies,
And you to mind ſhall call
The ſighs that now unpity'd riſe,
The *Tears* that vainly fall;
That welcome *Hour* that ends this ſmart
Will then begin your pain;
For ſuch a faithful tender *Heart*
Can never break, can never break in vain.

The Mock-Song.

I Swive as well as others do,
I'm young, not yet deform'd,
My tender *Heart* ſincere and true,
Deſerves not to be ſcorn'd.
Why *Phillis* then, why will you ſwive
With forty Lovers more?
Can *I* (ſaid ſhe) with Nature ſtrive?
Alas *I* am, alas *I* am a VVhore.

VVere all my Body larded o're
VVith Darts of Love ſo thick,
That you might find in ev'ry Pore
A well ſtuck ſtanding Prick;
Whilſt yet my Eyes alone were free,
My Heart would never doubt,
In Am'rous Rage and Extaſie,
To wiſh thoſe Eyes, to wiſh thoſe Eyes ſuckt out.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima:

Enter Tarſander and Swivanthe.

The Scene.

A Bed-Chamber.

Tarſ. FOR Standing Tarſes we kind Nature thank,
And yet adore thoſe *Cunts* that make 'em lank.
Unhappy Mortals! whoſe ſublimeſt Joy
Preys on it ſelf, and do's it ſelf deſtroy.
Swi. Do not thy *Tarſe* Nature's beſt Gift deſpiſe,
That *Cunt* that made it fall, will make it riſe;
Though it a while the amorous Combat ſhun,
And ſeems from mine into thy Belly run,
Yet 'twill return more vig'rous and more fierce
Than flaming Drunkard, when he's dy'd in *Tierce*:
It but retires as looſing Gameſters do,
Till they have rais'd a Stock to play anew.
Tar. What pleaſure has a Gameſter, if he knows,
When e're he plays, that he muſt always loſe?
Swi. What *Pego* loſes, 'twere a pain to keep;
We ſay not that our Nights are loſt in Sleep;
What pleaſures we in thoſe ſoft Wars employ,
We do not waſte, but to the full enjoy.

[*Ex Tarſander,*

Enter

Enter Celia.

Cel. Madam, methinks thoſe ſleepy Eyes declare,
Too lately you have eas'd a Lovers Care;
I fear you have with *Intereſt* repaid
Thoſe eager *Thruſts* which at your *Cunt* he made.
Swi. With force united my loſt Heart he ſtorm'd,
Like Age he doated, but like Youth perform'd.
She that alone her Lover can withſtand,
Is more than *Woman*, or he leſs than *Man*. [*Exeunt.*

The firſt Letter from B. *to Mr.* E.

DReaming laſt Night on Mrs. *Furley*,
My Prick was up this morning early;
And I was fain, without my Gown,
To riſe i'th' Cold to get him down.
Hard ſhift, alas! but yet aſure,
Although it be no pleaſing Cure.
Of Old, the fair *Ægyptian Slattern*,
For Luxury that had no Pattern,
Tor fortifie her *Roman* Swinger,
In ſtead of Nutmegs, Mace and Ginger,
Did ſpice his Bowls (as Story tells)
With Warts of Rocks, and Spawns of Shells.
It had been happy for his Grace,
Had I been in the Raſcal's place;
I who do ſcorn that any Stone
Shou'd raiſe my Pintle, but my own

Had

Had laid her down on every Couch.
And ſpar'd her *Pearl* and *Diamond Brouch*,
Until her hot-tail'd Majeſty;
Being happily reclaim'd by me
From all her wild expenſive ways,
Had worn her Gems on *Holidays*:
But ſince her Cunt has long done itching,
Let us diſcourſe of Modern bitching.
I muſt entreat you by this Letter,
To enquire for *Whores*, the more the better:
Hunger makes any Man a Glutton.
If Roberts, *Thomas*, *Mrs. Dutton*;
Or any other *Bawd* of note,
Inform of a freſh Petticoat;
Inquire I pray, with friendly care,
VVhere their reſpective *Lodgings* are.
Some do compare a Man t' a *Bark*,
A pretty Metaphor, pray mark,
And with a long and tedious Story,
VVill all the *Tackling* lay beſoee ye:
The Sails are *Hope*, the Maſts Deſire,
Till they the gentleſt Reader tire.
But howſoe're they keep a pudder,
I'm ſure the Pintle is the Rudde;
The pow'rful Rudder, which of force
To Town muſt ſhortly ſteer my Courſe;
And if you do not there provide
A Port where *I* may ſafely Ride,
Landing in haſte, In ſome foul Creek,
'Tis Ten to One *I* ſpring a Leak.
Next *I* muſt make it my Requeſt,
If you have any *Intereſt*,

Or

Or can by any means diſcover
Some lamentable Rhyming Lover,
VVho ſhall in Numbers harſh and vile,
His Miſtris *Nymph* or *Goddeſs* ſtyle,
Send all his Labours down to me,
By the firſt Opportunity.
Or any *Knights* of your *Round Table*,
To other Scriblers formidable,
Guilty themſelves of the ſame Crime,
Dreſs Nonſenſe up in ragged Rhyme,
As once a Week they ſeldom fail,
Inſpir'd with Love and *Gridiron* Ale.
Or any paultry Poetry,
Tho' from the Univerſity;
Who when the K----and Q----were there,
Did both their VVit and Learning ſpare,
And have (I hope) endeavour'd ſince
To make the *World* ſome Recompence.
Such damn'd Fuſtian when you meet,
Be not too raſh, or indiſcreet,
Tho they can find no juſt Excuſes,
To put 'em to their proper Uſes,
The fatal Privy, or the Fire,
Their Nobler Foe; at my deſire,
Reſtrain your natural Profuſeneſs,
And ſpare 'em, tho you have a Looſeneſs.

Mr. E------'s *Anſwer.*

AS crafty Harlots uſe to ſhrink
From Letchers dos'd with Sleep and Drink,
When they intend to make up Pack,
By filching Sheets, or Shirt from Back;
So were you pleas'd to ſteal away
From me, whilſt on your Bed I lay:
But long you had not been departed,
When pinch'd with Cold, from thence I ſtarted;
Where miſſing you, I ſtamp'd and ſtar'd,
Like *Bacon* when he wak'd and heard
His Brazen Head in vain had ſpoke,
And ſaw it lie in pieces broke:
Sighing, I to my Chamber make,
And ev'ry Limb as ſtiff as *Stake*,
Unleſs poor *Pego*, which did feel
Like ſlimy Skin of new-ſtript Eel,
Or Pudding that Miſchance had got,
And ſpent it ſelf half in the Pot.
With care I cleans'd the ſneaking Varlet,
That late had been in Pool of Harlot:
But neither Shirt nor Water cou'd
Remove the Stench of Leach'rous Mud.
The Queen of Love from Sea did ſpring,
Whence the beſt Cunts ſtill ſmell like Ling,
But ſure this damn'd notorious Bitch
Was made o'th' Froth of *Jane Shore*'s Ditch;
Or elſe her Cunt cou'd never ſtink
Like Pump that's foul, or naſty Sink.

When

When this was done, to Bed I went,
And the whole day in ſleep I ſpent;
But the next *Morning* freſh and gay
As Citizen on Holiday,
I wander'd in the ſpacious *Town*,
Amongſt the *Bawds* of beſt Renown:
To *Temple* I a *Viſit* made,
Temple! the Beauty of her *Trade!*
The only *Bawd* that ever I,
For want of *Whore*, cou'd occupy.
She made me friends with Mrs. *Cuffley*,
Whom we indeed had us'd too roughly,
For by a gentler way I found
The *Whore* wou'd *Fuck* under *Ten Pound*:
So reſty Jades, which ſcorn to ſtir,
Tho' oft provok'd by *Whip* and *Spur*,
By milder uſage may be got
To fall into their wonted *Trot*.
But what Succeſs I further had,
And what Diſcov'ries, good and bad,
I made by roving up and down,
I'll tell you when you come to *Town*.
Further, I have obey'd your Motion,
Tho' much provok'd by Pill and Potion,
And ſent you down ſome paultry *Rhimes*,
The greateſt Grievance of our *Times*;
When ſuch as Nature never made
For Poets, daily will invade
Wits Empire, both the *Stage* and *Preſs*,
And, which is worſe, with good *Succeſs*.

The ſecond Letter from B. *to Mr.* E.

IF *I* can gueſs the Devil choak me,
VVhat horrid Fury cou'd provoke thee
To uſe thy railing ſcurrilous wit
'Gainſt Cunt and Prick, the Source of it:
For what but Cunt and Prick do's raiſe
Our *Thoughts* to *Songs* and Roundelays?
Enables us to *Anagrams*,
And other amorous Flim-flams?
Then we write *Plays*, and ſo proceed
To *Bays*, the Poets ſacred weed.
Haſt no Reſpect for God *Priapus*?
That ancient *Story* ſhall not ſcape us.
Priapus was a *Roman God*,
But in plain *Engliſh*, *Prick* and *Cod*.
That pleas'd their Siſters, VVives and Daughters,
Guarded their Pippins and Pomwaters;
For at the Orchards utmoſt *Entry*
This mighty *Deity* ſtood *Centry*,
Inveſted in a tatter'd blanket,
To ſcare the Magpies from their banquet:
But this may ſerve to ſhew we trample
On Rule and Method by example
Of Modern *Authors*, who to ſnap at all,
VVill talk of *Cæſar* in the Capitol,
Of *Cinthia*'s Beams, and *Sol*'s bright *Ray*,
Known Foe to Buttermilk and *Whey*,
VVhich ſoftens *Wax*, but hardens *Clay*.

All

All this without the leaſt connexion,
Which to ſay truth's enough to vex one;
But farewel all Poetick Dizzineſs,
And now to come unto the Buſineſs.
Tell the bright *Nymph* how ſad and penſively,
E're ſince we us'd her ſo offenſively,
In diſmal Shades, with Arms accroſs,
I ſit, lamenting of my *Loſs*;
To *Eccho* I her Name commend,
Who has it now at her Tongues end,
And Parrot-like repeats the ſame;
For ſhou'd you talk of *Tamberlain*,
Cuffley ſhe cries at the ſame time,
Though the laſt Accents do not rhime:
Far more than *Eccho* e're did yet
For *Phillis* or bright *Amoret*.
With Pen-knife keen of moderate ſize,
As bright and piercing as her Eyes,
A glitt'ring weapon, which wou'd ſcorn
To pair a Nail, or cut a Corn,
Upon the Trees of ſmootheſt Bark
I carve her Name, or elſe her Mark,
Which commonly's a bleeding Heart,
A weeping Eye, or flaming Dart.
Here on a *Beech*, like *Am'rous* Sot,
I ſometimes carve a True-loves Knot,
There a tall Oak her *Name* do's bear,
In a large ſpreading Character.
I choſe the faireſt and the beſt
Of all the *Grove*; among the reſt,
I carv'd it on a luſty Pine,
Which wept a pint of Turpentine;

Such was the terror of her *Name*,
By the Report of evil *Fame*,
Who tired with immoderate flight,
Had lodg'd upon its *Boughs all Night*.
The wary *Tree*, who fear'd a Clap,
And knew the Virtue of his *Sap*,
Dropt Balsom into ev'ry Wound,
And in an hours time was *Sound*.
But you are unacquainted yet
With half the power of *Amoret*;
For she can drink as well as *Swive*,
Her growing Empire still must thrive.
Our Hearts weak *F*orts we must resign
VVhen *B*eauty does its forces joyn
With Mans strong Enemy, good wine:
This I was told by my Lord *O B* ----
A Man whose *Word* I much relie on;
He kept touch, and came down hither
When thou wert scar'd with the foul *weather*:
But if thou woudst forgiven be,
Say that a Cunt detained thee;
Cunt, whose strong *Charms the world bewitches*,
The Joy of Kings! the *Beggars* Riches!
The *Courtiers Busines*! *States-mans Leisure*!
The tired *Tinkers* Ease and Pleasure!
Of which, alas! I've leave to prate;
But oh, the rigor of my Fate!
For want of bouncing *Bona-Roba*,
Lascivia est nobis pagina vita proba.
For that Rhime I was fain to fumble;
When *Pegasus* begins to stumble,
'Tis time to rest, your very humble.

Mr.

Mr. E----s Anſwer.

SO ſoft and am'rouſly you write
Of Cunt, and Prick the Cunts Delight,
That were I ſtill in *Lanthorn* Sweating,
Swallowing of *Bolus*, or a ſpitting,
I ſhou'd forget each Injury
The pocky VVhores have offer'd me,
And only of my Fate complain,
Becauſe I muſt from Cunt abſtain;
The powerful *Cunt!* whoſe very *Name*
Kindles in me an amorous Flame!
Begins to make my Pintle riſe,
And long again to fight Loves Prize,
Forgetful of thoſe many Scars
He has received in thoſe Wars.
This ſhews Loves chiefeſt Magick lies
In VVomens *Cunts*, not in their Eyes,
There *Cupid* does his Revels keep,
There Lovers all their Sorrows ſteep;
For having once but taſted that,
Our Miſeries are quite forgot.
This may ſuffice to let you know
That I to *Cunt* am not a Foe.
Though you are pleas'd to think me ſo:
'Tis ſtrange his Zeal ſhoud be in *Suſpicion*
Who dies a Martyr for's Religion.
But now to give you an *Account*
Of *Cuffley*, that Whore Paramount!

Cuffley! whoſe Beauty warms the *Age.*
And fill our Youth with *Love* and Rage;
Who, like fierce Wolves, purſue the Game,
VVhile ſecretly the *Letch'rous* Dame
VVith ſome Choice Gallant takes her flight,
And in a Corner Fucks all Night.
Then the next Morning we all hunt,
To find whoſe Fingers Smell of Cunt,
VVith Jealouſie and Envy mov'd
Againſt the Man that was belov'd.
VVhilſt you within ſome neighb'ring Grove
Indite the Story of your *Love,*
And with your Penknife keen and bright
On ſtately Trees your *Paſſion* write,
So that each *Nymph* that paſſes through
Muſt envy her, and pity you;
VVe at the *Fleece*, or at the *Bear*,
VVith good Caſe-Knife, well whet on Stair,
A gentle *Weapon*, made to feed
Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed,
A thouſand *Am'rous* Fancies ſcrape;
There's not a Pewter-diſh can ſcape
VVithout her *Name*, or *Arms*, which are
The ſame that *Love* himſelf do's bear.
Here one, to ſhew you *Love's* no *Glutton*,
I'th' midſt of Supper leaves his Mutton,
And on a greaſie Plate, with care,
Carves the bright *Image* of the Fair.
Another, though a drunken Sot,
Neglects his VVine, and on the *Pot*
A Band of naked *Cupids* draws,
VVith *Pricks* no bigger than wheat ſtraws.

Then

Then on a naſty Candleſtick
One figures *Love's Hieroglyphick*,
A Couchant Cunt and *Rampant Prick*.
*A*nd that the ſight may more inflame
The Lookers on, ſubſcribes her Name,
Cuffley! her Sexes Pride and Shame,
There's not a Man but do's diſcover
By ſome ſuch *Actions* he's a Lover;
But now 'tis time to give her over,
*A*nd let your *L*ordſhip know you are
The Miſtreſs that employs our Care:
Your abſence makes us melancholly
Nor Drink nor Cunt can make us jolly,
Unleſs w'ave you within our *A*rms,
In whom there dwells Diviner Charms,
Then quit with ſpeed the penſive Grove
And here in Town purſue your *L*ove;
Where, at your coming you ſhall find
Your Servant glad, your Miſtreſs kind,
*A*nd all things devoted to your Mind;

With your very

Humble Servant.

On Mr. E----H--- *upon his* B----P---

COme on ye Criticks, find one fault who dare,
For read it backward, like a *Witches* Pray'r,
'Twill do as well; throw not away your Jests
On solid *Nonsense*, that abides all *Tests*.
Wit, like *Tierce-Clarret*, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no use at all;
But in its full perfection of decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in play.
This *Simile* shall stand in thy defence,
'Gainst such *dull Rogues* as now and then write *Sense*.
He lies, dear *Ned*, who says thy brain is barren,
Where deep *Conceits*, like *Vermin*, bred in *Carren*,
Thou hast a *Brain*, such as thou hast indeed,
On what else shou'd thy worm of Fancy feed?
Yet in a Philbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the Kernel's gone.
Thy Style's the same, whatever be the *Theme*,
As some Digestions turns all Meat to Phlegm.
Thy stumbling founder'd Jade can trot as high
As any other *Pegasus* can fly.
As skilful Divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those that cannot Swim at all;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.

Thou

Thou writ'ſt below even thy own nat'ral Parts,
And with acquir'd Dulneſs and new *Arts*
Of ſtudied *Nonſenſe*, tak'ſt kind Readers Hearts.
So the *dull* Eel moves nimbler in the Mud
Than all the ſwift finn'd Racers of the Flood.
Therefore dear *Ned*, at my advice for bear
Such loud *Complaints* 'gainſt Criticks to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant *Libeller*:
Thou ſett'ſt thy *Name* to what thy ſelf doſt write,
Did ever *Libel* yet ſo ſharply bite?

On the ſame Author, upon his B--- P----

AS when a *Bully* draws his Sword
Though no Man gives him a croſs word,
And all Perſwaſions are in vain,
To make him put it up again;
Each Man draws too. and *falls* upon him,
To take the wicked *Weapon* from him:
Ev'n ſo, dear *Ned*, thy *deſp'rate* Pen
No *leſs* diſturbs all witty Men,
And makes 'em wonder what a Devil
Provokes thee to be ſo uncivil;
When thou and all thy Friends muſt know 'em,
Thou yet wilt dare to print thy Poem.
That poor Curs Fate and thine are one,
Who has his *Tail* pegg'd in a Bone;

About

About he runs, no body'll own him,
Men, Boys and Dogs are all upon him.
And firſt the greater VVits were at thee;
Now ev'ry little Fool will pat thee:
Fellows that ne're were heard or read of
(If thou writ'ſt on) will write thy Head off.
Thus Maſtives only have the knack
To caſt the *Bear* upon his back;
But when th' unwieldy *Beaſt* is thrown,
Mungrils will ſerve to keep him down.

On the ſame Author, upon his New Ut------

THou damn'd *Antipodes* to Common *Senſe*,
Thou *Foil* of *Fluence*! prithee tell from whence
Do's all this mighty Rock of *Dulneſs Spring*,
VVhich in ſuch loads thou to the Stage doſt bring?
It's all thine own? or haſt thou from *Snow-hill*
Th' aſſurance of ſome Ballad-making *Quill*?
No, they fly higher yet; thy *Plays* are ſuch
I'd ſwear they were tranſlated out of *Dutch*:
And who the Devil was e're yet ſo drunk,
To read the Volumes of *Myn Heer Van Dunk*?
Fain wou'd *I* know what Diet thou doſt keep,
If thou doſt always, or doſt never ſleep?
Sure Haſty-pudding is thy chiefeſt Diſh,
VVith *Lights* and *Livers*, and with ſtinking Fiſh.

Ox-

Ox-cheek, Tripe, Garbage, thou doſt treat thy Brain,
Which nobly pays this *Tribute back* again.
With Dazy-roots, thy Dwarfiſh Muſe is fed,
A Giants Body, with a Pigmies Head.
Canſt thou not find 'mongſt all thy num'rous Race
One Friend ſo kind, to tell thee that thy Play's
Laught at by Box, Pit, Gallery, nay Stage,
And grown the nauſeous Grievance of this *Age?*
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind,
No other uſe of *Paper* thou ſhoud'ſt make,
But carrying *Loads* of Rhimes upon thy Back;
Carry vaſt *Burthens*, till thy ſhoulders ſhrink,
But curſt be he that gives thee *Pen* and *Ink*;
Thoſe dang'rous weapons ſhou'd be kept from Fools,
As Nurſes from their Children keep Edge-tools.
For thy dull *Muſe* a Muckender were fit,
To wipe the Slav'rings of her Infant-wit;
Which, tho' tis late (if Juſtice cou'd be found)
Shou'd like blind new-born *Puppies*, yet be drown'd.
For were it not Reſpect we muſt afford
To any *Muſe* that's Grand-child to a *Lord*,
Thine in the Ducking-ſtool ſhou'd take her *Seat*,
Drencht like her ſelf in a great Chair of State,
VVhere like a *Muſe* of *Quality* ſhe'll die,
And thou thy ſelf ſhalt make her *Elegy*;
In the ſame ſtrain thou writſt thy *Comedy*.

The Diſappointment.

1.

ONe Day the *Amorrus Liſander*,
By an impatient Paſſion ſway'd,
Surpriz'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd Maid,
Who cou'd defend her ſelf no longer;
All things did with his Love conſpire,
The gilded Planet of the Day,
In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
Was now deſcending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the *World*,
But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

2.

In alone *Thicket*, made for Love,
Silent as yielding Maids Conſent,
She with a charming Languiſhment
Permits his force, yet gently ſtrove:
Her Hands his *Boſom* ſoftly meet,
But not to put him back deſign'd,
Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
Whilſt he lay trembling at her feet;
Reſiſtance 'tis too late to ſhew,
She wants the power to ſay---- *Ah*! what do you do?

3,

Her bright Eyes ſweet, and yet Severe,
Where Love and Shame confus'dly ſtrive,

Freſh

Freſh vigor to *Liſande* give:
And whiſpring ſoftly in his Ear,
She cry'd----*Ceaſe---ceaſe---your vain deſire,*
Or I'll call out---- What wou'd you do?
My dearer Honour, ev'n to you,
I cannot---- muſt not give---- retire,
Or take that Life whoſe chiefeſt part
I gave you with the Conqueſt of my Heart.

4.

But he as much unus'd to fear
As he was capable of Love,
The bleſſed Minutes to improve,
Kiſſes her Lips, her Neck, her Hair!
Each touch her new Deſires alarms!
His burning trembling *Hand* he preſt
Upon her melting Snowy Breaſt,
While ſhe lay panting in his Arms!
All her unguarded Beauties lie
The *Spoils* and *Trophies* of the Enemy.

5.

And now, without Reſpect or Fear,
He ſeeks the Object of his Vows;
His Love no Modeſty allows:
By ſwift degrees advancing where
His daring *Hand* that Altar ſeiz'd
Where Gods of Love do Sacrifice;
That awful *Throne*, that Paradiſe,
Where Rage is tam'd, and *Anger* pleas'd;
That Living *Fountain*, from whoſe *Trills*
The melted Soul in liquid Drops diſtils.

6.

Her balmy *Lips* encountring his,
Their *Bodies* as their Souls they joyn'd,
Where both in *Tranſports* were confin'd
Extend themſelves upon the *Moſs*.
Cloris half dead and breathleſs lay,
Her Eyes appear'd like humid *Light*,
Such as divides the *Day* and *Night*,
Or falling Stars whoſe fires decay;
And now no ſigns of *Life* ſhe ſhows,
But what in ſhort-breath'd ſighs returns and goes.

7.

He ſaw how at her length ſhe lay,
He ſaw her riſing *Boſom* bare,
Her *looſe thin Robes*, through which appear
A Shape deſign'd for *Love* and *Play*;
*A*bandon'd by her *P*ride and *S*hame,
*S*he do's her ſofteſt *S*weets *diſpenſe*,
Offring her Virgin-*I*nnocence
A Victim to *L*oves *S*acred Flame;
Whilſt th' o're-raviſht *S*hepherd lies,
Unable to perform the *S*acrifice.

8.

Ready to taſte a *Thouſand* Joys,
*T*he too tranſported hapleſs Swain,
Found the vaſt *Pleaſure* turn'd to *P*ain:
Pleauſure, which too much *L*ove deſtroys!
*T*he willing Garment by he laid,
*A*nd Heav'n all open to his view;

Mad

Mad to poſſeſs, himſelf he threw
On the defenceleſs lovely Maid:
But oh! what envious Gods conſpire
To ſnatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the Deſire!

9.

Natures ſupport, without whoſe *Aid*
She can no humane *Be*ing give,
It ſelf now wants the *Art* to live,
Faintneſs it ſlacken'd *Nerves* invade:
In vain th' enraged Youth aſſaid
To call his fleeting Vigour back,
No Motion 'twill from Motion take,
Exceſs of Love is Love betray'd;
In vain he toils, in vain commands,
Th' Inſenſible fell weeping in his Hands.

10.

In this ſo *Am'rous* cruel ſtrife,
Where Love and Fate were too ſevere,
The poor *Liſander* in *Deſpair*,
Renounc'd his *Reaſon* with his Life.
Now all the brisk and active *Fire*
That ſhould the nobler *Part* inflame,
Unactive, frigid, dull became,
And left no *Spark* for new Deſire;
Not all her naked Charms cou'd move
Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

11.

Cloris returning from the *Trance*
Which Love and *ſoft* Deſire had bred,

Her

Her tim'rous *Hand* ſhe gently laid,
Or guided by Deſign or Chance,
Upon that fabulous *Priapus*,
That Potent God (as Poets feign.)
But never did young Shepherdeſs
(Gath'ring of *Fern* upon the Plain)
More nimbly draw her fingers back,
Finding beneath the *Verdant Leaves* a Snake.

12.

Then *Cloris* her fair *Hand* withdrew,
Finding that God of her Deſires
Diſarm'd of all his pow'rful fires,
And cold as *Flowr's bath'd* in the *Morning-dew*.
Who can the *Nymphs* Confuſion gueſs?
The *Blood* forſook the kinder place,
And ſtrew'd with *Bluſhes* all her Face,
Which both Diſdain and Shame expreſs;
And from *Liſanders* Arms ſhe fled,
Leaving him fainting on the gloomy *Bed*.

13.

Like *Lightning* through the *Grove* ſhe hies,
Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God;
No print upon the graſſie Road
She leaves, t' inſtruct purſuing Eyes.
The Wind that wanton'd in her *Hair*.
And with her ruffled Garments plaid,
Diſcover'd in the flying Maid
All that the Gods e're made of *Fair*.
So *Venus*, when her Love was ſlain,
With *fear* and *haſte* flew o're *the* fatal Plain.

14. The

14.

The *Nymphs* Reſentments none but I
Can well imagine and condole;
But none can gueſs *Liſanders* Soul,
But thoſe who ſway'd his Deſtiny:
His ſilent Griefs ſwell up to Storms,
And not one God his *Fury* ſpares;
He curſt his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
But more the Shepherdeſſes Charms;
Whoſe ſoft bewitching Influence
Had damn'd him to the *Hell* of *Impotence.*

On Juniper-Tree, new cut down to make Busks.

WHilſt happy I triumphant ſtood
The *Pride* add *Glory* of the *Wood*,
My *Aromatick Boughs* and *Fruit*
Did with all other *Trees* diſpute,
Had Right by *Nature* to excel,
In pleaſing both the *Taſte* and *Smell*;
But to the Touch, I muſt confeſs,
Bore an unwilling Sullenneſs,
My *Wealth*, like baſhful Virgins, I
Yielding with ſome reluctancy;
For which my value ſhou'd be more,
Not giving eaſily my Store.

My Verdant *Branches* all the Year
Did an Eternal *Beauty* wear,
Did ever young and gay appear;
Nor needed any *Tribute* pay
For *Bounties* from the God of *Day*.
Nor do *I* hold *Supremacy*,
In all the *Wood*, o're ev'ry *Tree*,
But ev'n thoſe two of my own Race,
That grew not in this happy place:
But that in which *I* glory moſt,
And do my ſelf with *Reaſon* boaſt,
Beneath my Shade the other *Day*
Young *Philocles* and *Cloris* lay.
Upon my *Root* he plac'd her *Head*,
And where *I* grew he made her *Bed*;
Their trembling *Limbs* did gently *Preſs*
The kind ſupporting yielding *Moſs*,
Ne're half ſo bleſt as now, to bear
A *Swain ſo* young, a Nymph *ſo* fair.
My grateful Shade *I* kindly lent,
And ev'ry aiding *Bough I* bent
So low as ſometimes had the *Bliſs*
To rob the *Shepherd* of a *Kiſs*.
Whilſt he in *Pleaſures* far above
The *Senſe* of that Degree of Love,
Permitted ev'ry ſtealth *I* made,
Unjealous of his Rival Shade.
I ſaw 'em kindle to deſire,
Whilſt with ſoft ſighs they blew the Fire;
Saw the approaches of their *Joy*,
He growing more fierce, and ſhe leſs *Coy*;

Saw

Saw how they mingl'd melting Rays,
Exchanging Love a thouſand ways.
Kind was the Force on ev'ry ſide;
Her new Deſires ſhe cou'd not hide,
Nor wou'd the Shepherd be deny'd.
Impatient, he waits no Conſent,
But what ſhe gave by Languiſhment.
The bleſſed Minute he purſu'd,
Whilſt Love her Fear and Shame ſubdu'd;
And now tranſported in his Arms,
Yields to the Conqu'ror all her Charms.
His panting Breaſt to hers now joyn'd,
They feaſt on Raptures unconfin'd,
Vaſt and luxuriant, ſuch as prove
The immortality of Love.
For who but a Divinity
Cou'd mingle Souls to that degree,
And melt 'em into Extaſie?
Where, like the Phenix, both expire,
Whilſt from the Aſhes of their Fire
Sprung up a new and ſoft Deſire.
Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke
The God, and thrice new Vigour took;
And had the *Nymph* been half ſo kind
As was the Shepherd well inclin'd,
The Myſtery had not ended there;
But *Cloris* reaſſum'd her Fear,
And chid the Swain for having preſt
What ſhe (alas) cou'd not reſiſt:
Whilſt he, in whom Loves ſacred Flame
Before and after was the ſame,

Humbly implores ſhe wou'd forget
That *Fault*, which he wou'd yet repeat.
From active *Joys* with ſhame they haſte
To a Reflection on the paſt,
A thouſand times the Covert *Bleſs*
That did Secure their *Happineſs* ;
Their Gratitude to ev'ry *Tree*
They pay, but moſt to happy me.
The *Shepherdeſs* my Bark careſt,
Whilſt he my Root (*Loves Pillow*) kiſt,
And did with ſighs their Fate deplore,
Since I muſt ſhelter 'em no more.
And if before my *Joys* were ſuch,
In having ſeen and heard ſo much ;
My Griefs muſt be as great and high,
When all abandon'd I muſt lie,
Doom'd to a ſilent Deſtiny ;
No more the amorous *Strife* to hear,
The *Shepherds* Vows, the *Virgins* Fear ;
No more a joyful Looker-on,
Whilſt Loves Soft Battel's loſt and won.
With *Grief I* bow'd my *murm'ring Head*,
And all my *Cryſtal* Dew *I* ſhed,
Which did in *Cloris* Pity move,
Cloris whoſe Soul is made of Love.
She cut me down, and did tranſlate
My *Being* to a happier *State* :
No *Martyr* for Religion dy'd
With half that unconſidering Pride:
My Top was on the *Altar* laid,
Where Love his Softeſt Off'rings paid,

And was as fragrant *Incenſe* burn'd;
My *Body* into *Busks* was turn'd,
Where I ſtill guard the Sacred Store,
And of *Love's Temple* keep the Door.

On the Death *of Mr.* Greenhill, *The Famous* Painter.

WHat *doleful Cries* are thoſe that *fright* my *Senſe*?
Sad, as the *Groans* of dying *Innocence*!
The killing *Accents* now more near approach,
And the infectious Sound
Spreads, and enlarges all around,
And do's all *Hearts* with Grief and *Wonder* touch.
The Famous *Greenhill's* dead, ev'n he
That cou'd to us give *Immortality*;
Is to th' Eternal ſilent *Groves* withdrawn,
Thoſe ſullen *Groves* of everlaſting Dawn;
Youthful as *Flow'rs ſcarce blown*, whoſe *opening Leaves*
A wondrous and fragrant Proſpect gives
Of what its elder *Beauties* wou'd diſplay,
When it ſhou'd flouriſh up to ripe'ning *May*:
Witty as Poets warm'd with *Love* and *Wine*,
Yet ſtill ſpar'd *Heav'n* and his *Friend*;
For both to him were Sacred and Divine,
Nor cou'd he *This*, no more than *That* offend:

Fixt as a Martyr where he Friendſhip paid,
And gen'rous as a God,
Diſtributing his Bounties all abroad,
And ſoft and gentle as a Love-ſick Maid.

Great Maſter of the Nobleſt Myſtery
That ever happy Knowledge did inſpire?
Scared as that of Poetry,
At which the wondring World do's equally admire:
Great Natures Works we do contemn,
When on his glorious Births we meditate;
The Face and Eyes more Darts receiv'd from him,
Then all the Charms ſhe can create:
The diff'rence is, his Beauties do beget
In the enamour'd Soul a vertuous Heat,
Whilſt Natures groſſer Pieces move
In the courſe Road of common Love.
So bold, yet ſoft, his Touches were,
So round each Part, ſo ſweet and fair,
That as his Pencil mov'd, Men thought it preſt
The lively imitated riſing Breaſt,
Which yields like Clouds, where little Angels reſt:
The Limbs all eaſie, as his Temper was,
Strong as his Mind, and Manly too?
Large as his Soul, his Fancy was, and new;
And from himſelf he copy'd ev'ry Grace,
For he had all that cou'd adorn a Face,
All that cou'd either Sex ſubdue.

Each Excellence he had that Youth has in its pride,
And all Experienc'd Age can teach;

At

At once the vig'rous Fire of this,
And ev'ry Vertue which that can expreſs,
In all the height that both cou'd reach:
And yet (alas!) in this Perfection dy'd,
Drop't like a Bloſſom with a Northern Blaſt,
When all the ſcatter'd Leaves abroad are caſt,
As quick, as if his Fate had been in haſte!
So have I ſeen an unfixt Star
Out-ſhine the reſt of all the num'rous Train,
(As bright as that which guides the Mariner)
Dart ſwiftly from its darkned Sphere,
And ne're ſhall light the World again.
Oh why ſhou'd ſo much Knowledge die?
Or with his laſt kind Breath
Why cou'd he not to ſome one Friend bequeath
The mighty Legacy?
But 'twas a Knowledge giv'n to him alone,
That his Eterniz'd Name might be
Admir'd to all Poſterity,
By all to whom his grateful Name was known.
Come all ye ſoft'er Beauties, come,
Bring Wreaths of Flow'rs to deck his Tomb,
Mixt with the diſmal Cypreſs and the Yew;
For he ſtill gave your Charms their due,
And from the Injuries of Age and Time
Secur'd the Sweetneſs of your Prime,
And beſt knew how t'adore that Sweetneſs too.
Bring all your mournful Tributes here,
And let your Eyes a ſilent Sorrow wear,
Till ev'ry Virgin for a while become
Sad as his Fate, and (like his Pictures) dumb.

To all Curious Criticks, and Admirers of Meeter.

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Toſs a ſhip up, then caſt her down again?
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Or have you ſeen the pretty *Turtle Dove*,
When ſhe laments the abſence of her Love?
Or have you ſeen the *Fairies* when they ſing,
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Or have you ſeen our *Gallants* keep a pudder
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He runs upon me, cries dear *Rogue*, *I*'m thine,
With me ſome *Wits* of my *Acquaintance* Dine.
I tell him *I*'m engag'd; but as *Whore*
With Modeſty enſlaves her *Spark* the more,
The longer *I* deny'd, the more he preſt;
At laſt *I* e'en conſent to be his Gueſt.
He takes me in his Coach, and as we go
Pulls out a Libel of a ſheet or two,
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Or S---- unaſſiſted former *Scenes*;
Which he admir'd and prais'd at ev'ry Line,
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What a brave Midwife is a *Laureat's Head?*

But

But Pox of all theſe *Scriblers*, what d'e think,
Will *Souches* this Year any *Champain* drink?
Will *Turenne* fight him; without doubt ſays *Huff*,
If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.
Damme (ſays *Dingboy*) the *French* Cowards are,
They pay, but th' *Engliſh*, *Scots* and *Swiſs* make *War*.
In gawdy Troops at a Review they ſhine,
But dare not with the *Germans Battel* joyn;
What now appears like *Courage*, is not ſo,
'Tis a ſhort Pride, which from *Succeſs* does grow;
On their firſt *Blow* they'll ſhrink into thoſe *Fears*
They ſhew'd at *Creſſy*, *Agincourt*, *Poitiers*;
Their Loſs was infamous, *Honor* ſo ſtain'd
Is by a *Nation* not to be regain'd.
What they *were then* I know not, *now* th'are brave,
He that denies it, lies, and is a Slave,
(Says *Huff*, and frown'd:) Says *Dingboy*, *That do I*,
And at that word at t' others *Head* let fly
A greaſie *Plate*, when ſuddenly they all
Together by the *Ears* in Parties fall:
Half-wit with *Dingboy* joyns, *Kickum* with *Huff*;
Their Swords were ſafe, and ſo we let them cuff,
Till they, mine Hoſt, and I, had all enough.
Their Rage once over, they begin to treat,
And fix freſh *Bottles* muſt the Peace compleat.
I ran down Stairs, with a Vow never more
To drink Beer-glaſs, and hear the *Hectors* roar.

A Seſſion of the Poets.

SInce the *Sons* of the *Muſes* grew num'rous and loud,
For th' appeaſing ſo factious and clam'rous a *Crowd*,
Apollo thought fit, in ſo weighty a *Cauſe*,
T' eſtabliſh a Government, Leader and Laws.
The hopes of the *Bays*, at this *ſummoning* Call,
Had drawn 'em together, the Devil and all:
All *thronging* and *liſtning*, they gap'd for the *Bleſſing*,
No *Presbyter Sermon* had more crowding and preſſing.
In the head of the Gang *J*----*D*----appear'd,
That ancient grave Wit, ſo long lov'd and fear'd;
But *Apollo* had heard of a Story i'th' Town,
Of his quitting the *Muſes* to wear a black Gown,
And ſo gave him leave, now his *Poetry's* done,
To let him turn Prieſt, now *R*---- is turn'd Nun.
This Reverend Author was no ſooner ſet by,
But *Apollo* had got gentle *George* in his Eye,
And frankly confeſt, of all Men that writ,
There's none had more Fancy, Sence, Judgment, and Wit;
But i'th' crying Sin, *Idleneſs*, he was ſo harden'd,
That his long ſeven Years Silence was not to be pardon'd.
Brawny *W*----was the next *Man* ſhew'd his *Face*,
But *Apollo* e'en *thought* him too *good* for the place;

No Gentleman-writer that Office shou'd bear,
'Twas a *Trader* in *Wit* the Laurel shou'd wear;
As none but a Cit e're makes a *Lord Mayor*.
Next into the Crowd *Tom S*---- do's wallow,
And swears by his *Guts*, his *Paunch* and his *Tallow*,
'Tis he that alone best pleases the *Age*,
Himself and his *Wife* have supported the Stage.
Apollo well pleas'd with so bonny a Lad,
T' oblige him, he told him he shou'd be huge glad
Had he half so much wit as he fancy'd he had.
However, to please so Jovial a *Wit*,
And to keep in humour *Apollo* thought fit
To bid him drink on, and keep his old *Trick*
Of railing at Poets, and shewing his Prick.
N---- *L*---- stept in next, in hopes of a Prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the Rubies in's face he cou'd not deny
But he had as much VVit as *Wine* cou'd supply;
Confest that indeed he had a musical Note,
But *sometimes strain'd so hard*, that he rattled i'th' *Throat*:
Yet owning he had *Sense*, t' encourage him forc't,
He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus*'s Court.
Poet *S*---- his *Trial* was the next came about,
He *brought* him an *Ibrahim* with the *Preface* torn out,
And humbly desir'd he might give no offence;
God damme cries *S*---- he connot write *Sense*;
And Ballocks cry'd *Newport*. I hate that dull *Rogue*.
Apollo consid'ring he was not in vogue,
Wou'd not trust his dear *Bays* with so *modest a Fool*,
And bid the great *Boy* shou'd be sent back to *School*.

T----

Tom O---came next, *Tom* S---dear *Zany*,
And ſwears for *Heroicks* he writes beſt of any;
Don C---his Pockets ſo amply had fill'd,
That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were all kill'd.
But *Appollo* had ſeen his Face on the Stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage (Age.
To Scum of a Play-houſe for the Prop of an
In the numerous Herd that encompoſt him round,
Little ſtarcht *Jonny C*— at his Elbow he found,
His *Crevat-ſtring* Iron'd, he gently did ſtretch
His Lilly-white Hand out, the Lawrel to reach,
Alledging, that he had moſt right to the Bays,
For writing Romances, and ſhiting of Plays.
Apollo roſe up, and gravely confeſt,
Of all Men that writ, his Talent was beſt;
For ſince *Pain* and *Diſhonour* mans life only damn,
The greateſt Felicity Mankind can claim, (*Shame*
Is to want ſenſe of *Smart*, and be paſt ſenſe of
And to perfect his Bliſs in Poetical Rapture,
He bid him be dull to the end of the Chapter.
The Poeteſs *Afra* next ſhew'd her ſweet face,
And ſwore by her Poetry, and her black Ace,
The Lawrel by a double Right was her own,
For the Plays ſhe had writ, and the Conqueſts ſhe had won.
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
Yet to deal frankly and ingeniouſly by her,
He told her, Were Conqueſts and Charms her Pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a Dozen Years ſince.

Anababalutha put in for a ſhare,
And little *Tom Eſſence*'s Author was there;
Nor cou'd *D*—forbear for the Lawrel to ſtickle,
Proteſting he had had the Honour to tickle
The Ears of the Town with his dear *Ma. Fickle*,
With other pretenders, whoſe Names I'd rehearſe
But they are toe long to ſtand in my Verſe.
Apollo, quite tired with their tedious Harrangue,
Finds at laſt *Tom* B——s face in the Gang,
And ſince Poets with the kind Players may hang,
By his own light he ſolemnly ſwore,
That in ſearch of a *Laureat* he'd look out no more.
A general Murmur ran quite through the Hall,
To think the Bays ſhou'd to an Actor fall;
But *Appollo*, to quiet and pacifie all,
E'n told 'em, to put his deſerts to the teſt,
That he made Plays as well as the beſt,
And was the great'ſt Wonder the age ever bore,
For of all the Play-ſcriblers that e're writ before,
His Wit had moſt Worth and moſt modeſty in't;
For he had writ Plays, yet ne're came in Print.

SATYR.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris *aut carcere dignum*
Si vis esse aliquis——Idem sat.

Suppos'd to be spoken by a Court-Hector.

Pindarique.

Now Curses on ye all, ye virtous Fools,
Who think to fetter free-born Souls,
And tie 'em up to dull Morality, and Rules.
The *Stagyrite* be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of learned Ideots who his Steps pursue,
And those more silly Proselytes whom his fond
Precepts drew.
Oh had his *Ethicks* been with their wild muthor
drown'd,
Or a like Fate with those lost Writings found
Which that grand *Plagiary* doom'd to Fire,
And made by unjust flames expire,
They ne're had then seduc'd Morality,
Ne're lasted to debauch the World with their
lewd Pendantry.
But damn'd,and more (if Hell can do't) be that
thrice curs'ed Name,
Who e're the Rudiments of Law design'd,
Who e're did the first Model of Religion
frame,

And by that double vaſſalage enthral'd mankind,
By nought before but their own Pow'r or Will confin'd:
Now quite abridg'd of all their Primative Liberty,
And ſlaves to each capricious Monarchs tiranny.
More happy Bruites! who the great Rule of Senſe obſerve,
And ne're from their firſt Charter ſwerve:
Happy whoſe Lives are meerly to enjoy,
And feel no ſtings of Sin, which may their Bliſs annoy;
Still unconcern'd at Epithets of Ill or Good,
Diſtinctions unadult'rate *Nature* never underſtood.

2.

Hence, hated Virtue from our goodly Iſle,
No more our Joys beguile;
No more with thy loath'd Preſence plague our happy State,
Thou Enemy to all that's Brisk, or Gay, or Brave, or Great.
Be gone, with all thy pious meager Train,
To ſome unfruitful, unfrequented Land,
And there an Empire gain,
And there extend thy rigorous Command;
There where illib'ral Natures nigardice
Has ſet a Tax on Vice;
Where the lean barren Region do's enhance
The Worth of dear Impertinence,
And for each pleaſurable Sin exacts Exciſe.
We (thanks to Heav'n) more cheaply can offend,

And

And want no tempting Luxuries,
No good convenient sinning Opertunites,
Which natures bounty coul'd bestow, or heav'ns
Kindness lend.
Go, folow that nice Goddess to the Skies,
Who heretofore disgursted at encreasing Vice,
Dislik'd the world, and thought it too profane,
And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne're re-
turn'd again.
Hence, to those Airy Mansions rove,
Convers with Saints and Holy Folks above;
Those may thy Presence woo,
Whose lasy Ease affords'em nothing else to do;
Where haughty scornful I,
And my great Frinds, will n're voutsafe thee
Company:
Thou art now a hard unpracticable Good,
Too difficult for Flesh and Blood;
Were I all Soul, like them, perhaps I'd learn to
practise thee.

3

Vertue, thou solem grave Impertinence,
Abhor'd by all the Men of Wit and Sence;
Thou damn'd fatigue, that clogg's Lifes Jour-
ney here,
Though thou no weight of Wealth or Profit
bear;
Thou puling, fond green-sickness of the mind,
That mak'st us prove to our own selves unkind,
Whereby we Coals and Dirt for Diet chuse,
And Pleasures better Food refuse:

Curſt Jilt! that lead'ſt deluded *Mortals* on,
Till they too late perceive themſelves undone,
Chous'd by a Dowry in Reverſion.
The greateſt Votary thou e're cou'dſt boaſt,
Pity ſo brave a Soul was in thy Service loſt,
What wonders he in Wickedneſs had done,
Whom thy weak Power cou'd ſo inſpire alone!
Though long with fond *Amours* he courted thee,
Yet dying did recant his vain Idolatry;
At length (tho late) he did repent with ſhame,
Forc'd to confeſs the nothing but an empty Name.
So was that Letcher gull'd, whoſe haughty Love
Deſign'd a Rape on the Queen-Regent of the Gods above;
When he a Goddeſs thought he had in chaſe,
He found a gawdy Vapor in the place,
And with thin Air beguil'd his ſtarv'd Embrace;
Idly he ſpent his Vigor, ſpent his Blood, (Cloud.
And tir'd himſelf, t'oblige an unperforming

4.

If Humane Kind to thee e're Worſhip paid,
They were by Ignorance miſled; (made.
That only them devout, and thee a Goddeſs
Known haply in the Worlds rude untaught Infancy,
Before it had out-grown its childiſh Innocence,
Before it had arriv'd at Senſe,
Or reach'd the Manhood and Diſcretion of Debauchery;
Known in thoſe Ancient, Godly, duller Times,
When crafty *Pagans* had engroſt all Crimes;

When

When chriſtian fools were obſtinately good,
Nor yet their Goſpel-freedom underſtood.
Tame eaſie fops who cou'd ſo prodigally bleed,
To be thought Saints, and die a *Calender* in Red.
No prudent Heathen are ſeduc'd cou'd be
To ſuffer Martrydom for thee;
Only an arrant Aſs, whom the falſe *Oracle* call'd Wiſe,
(No wonder if the Devil utter'd Lies)
That ſniv'ling *Puritan*, who in ſpite of all the (Mode
Wou'd be unfaſhionably good,
And exercis'd his whining Gifts to rail at Vice;
Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd:
And juſtly with *Lampoons* defam'd:
But when the mad *Fanatick* cou'd not ſilenc'd be
From broaching of Divinity,
The wiſe *Republick* made him for prevention die,
And kindly ſent him to the Gods, and better Company.

5.

Let fumbling Age be Grave and Wiſe,
And *Virtues* poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
Who never knew, and now are paſt the Sweets (of Vice;
Whilſt we whoſe active pulſes beat
With luſty Youth, and vig'rous Heat,
Can all their *Bards* and *Morals* too diſpiſe:
Whilſt my plump Veins are fill'd with *Luſt* and *Blood*,
Let not one thought of her intrude,
Or dare approach my Breaſt,
But know 'tis all poſſeſt

By a more welcome Gueſt;
And know, I have not yet the leaſure to be good.
If ever unkind Deſtiny
Shall force long Life on me;
If e're I muſt the Curſe of Dotage bear,
Perhaps I'll dedicate thoſe Dregs of Time to her,
And come with crutches her moſt humble *Votary*.
When ſpritely Vice reterats from hence,
And quits the Ruins of decayed Senſe,
She'll ſerve to uſher in a fair Pretence,
And varniſh with her Name a well-diſſembled Impotence.
When Phthiſick, Reheums, Catarrhs, and Palſies ſeize,
And all the Bill of Maladies,
Which heav'n to puniſh *over-living mortals* ſends,
Then lether enter with the numerous Infirmities,
Her ſelf the greateſt Plague which wrinkles and Gray Hairs attends.

6.

Tell me, ye Venerable Sots who court her moſt,
What ſmall Advantage can ſhe boaſt,
Which her great Rival has not in a greater ſtore engroſs'd?
Her quite Calm and Peace of Mind
In Wine and Company we better find;
Find it with Pleaſure too combin'd
In mighty Wine, where we our Senſes ſteep,
And lull our Cares and Conſciences a ſleed,
But why do I that wild Chimera name,
Conſcience, that giddy airy Dream,

Which

Which do's from Brain-ſick Heads or ill-digeſting Stomachs ſteam?
Conſcience! the vain fantaſtick Fear
Of Puniſhments, we know not when, nor where;
Project of crafty ſtateſmen to ſupport weak Law,
Whereby they ſlaviſh Spirits awe,
And baſtard Souls to forc'd Obedience draw.
Grand Wheedle, which our *Goun'd Impoſtors*
The Poor unthinking Rabble to abuſe; (uſe
Scare-Crow, to fright from the forbidden Fruit of Vice,
Their own beloved Paradiſe.
Let thoſe vile Canters Wickedneſs decry
Whoſe Mercenary Tongus take Pay
For what they ſay,
And yet commend in practice what their words deny:
While we diſcerning Heads, who farther pry,
Their Holy Cheats defie,
And ſcorn their Frauds, and ſcorn their ſanctify'd Cajollery.
None but dull unbred Fools diſcredit Vice,
Who act their Wickedneſe with an ill Grace;
Such their Profeſſion ſcandalize,
And juſtly forfeit all that Praiſe,
All that Eſteem, that Credit, and Applauſe,
Which we by our wiſe Manage of a Sin can raiſe.
A true and brave Tranſgreſſor ought
To ſin with the ſame height of ſpirit *Cæſar* fought
Mean-ſoul'd Offenders now no Honour gain,
Only Debauches of the Nobler ſtrain;

Vice well improved, yields bliſs and fame beſide,
And ſome for Sinning have been deify'd.
Thus the lewd Gods of old did move
By theſe brave Methods to the Seats above;
Ev'n *Jove* himſelf, the ſov'reign Deity,
Father and King of all th'immortal Progeny,
Aſcended to that high Degree
By Crimes above the reach of weak Mortality.
He Heav'n one large *Seraglio* made,
Each Goddeſs turn'd a glorious *Punk* o'th' (*Trade*,
And all that ſacred Place
Was fill'd with Baſtard Gods of his own Race)
Almighty Letchery got his firſt Repute,
And Everlaſting Whoring was his chiefeſt Attribute.

8.

How gallant was that Wretch whoſe happy Guilt
A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple Built?
Let fools (ſaid he) impiety alledge,
And urge no great fault of Sacrilege;
I'll ſet the ſacred Pile on flame,
and in its Aſhes write my laſting Name;
My Name! which thus ſhall be
Deathleſs as its own Deity.
Thus the vain-glorious *Cariam* I'l out-do,
And *Egypts* proudeſt Monarchs too,
Thoſe laviſh Prodigals, who idly did conſume
Their Lives and Treaſures to erect a Tomb,
And only Great by being buried wou'd become.

At cheaper Rates than they, I'll buy Renown,
And my loud Fame ſhall all their ſilent Glories drown.
So ſpake the daring *Hector*, ſo did Propheſie,
And ſo it prov'd——in vain did envious Fate
By fruitleſs Methods try
To raiſe his well-built Fame and Memory
Amongſt Poſterity:
The *Boutefeu* can now Immortal write,
While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperor,
(A greater Crime befitted his high Pow'r)
Who ſacrific'd a City for a Jeſt,
And ſhew'd he knew the grand Intrigues of Humour beſt.
He made all *Rome* a Bonfire to his Fame,
And ſung, and play'd, and danc'd amidſt the Flame.
Bravely begun! yet pity there he ſtaid;
One ſtep to Glory more he ſhou'd have made,
He ſhou'd have heav'd the noble frollick higher,
And made the People on that fun'ral *Pile* expire,
Or providently with their *Blood* put out the (Fire
Had this been done,
The utmoſt pitch of Glory he had won;
No greater Monument cou'd be
To conſecrate him to Eternity,
Nor ſhou'd there need another *Herald* of his Praiſe but me.

10

And thou yet greater *Faus*, the Glory of our Isle,
Whom baffl'd Hell esteems its chiefest Foil,
'Twere Injury shou'd I omit thy Name,
Whose actions merits all the Breath of Fame.
Methinks I see the trembling shades below,
Around in humble Rev'rence, how
Doubtful they seem whether to pay their loyalty
To their dread Monarch, or to thee. (cess,
No wonder he, grown jealous of thy fear'd suc
Envy'd mankind the honour of thy Wickedness,
And spoil'd that brave attempt which must have
made his Grandeur less.
How e're regret not, mighty Ghost,
Thy Plot by treach'rous Fortune crost,
Nor think thy well-deserved Glory lost,
Thou the full Prais of Vilany shalt ever share,
And all will judge thy act compleat enough
when thou cou'dst dare.
So thy great Master far'd, whose high Disdain
Contemn'd that Heaven where he cou'd not
reign:
When he with bold Ambicion strove
T'usurp the Throne above,
And let against the Diety an armed Train,
Though from his vast Desins he fell,
O're powr'd by's Almighty Foe,
Yet gain'd he Vict'ry in his Overthrow;
He gain'd sufficent Triump, that he durst rebel,
And 'twas some Pleasure to be thought the
great'st in Hell.

II.

Tell me, ye Great *Triumvirate*, what ſhall I do
To be Illuſtrious as you?
Let your examples move me with a gen'rous fire,
Let 'em into my daring Thoughts inſpire
Somewhat compleatly wicked, ſome vaſt Giant Crime,
Unthought, unknown, unpattern'd by all paſt and preſent time.
'Tis done, 'tis done; methinks I feel the pow'rful Charms,
And a new heat of Sin my Spirit warms;
I travel with a glorious Miſchief, for whoſe Birth
My Soul's too narrow, and weak Fate too feeble yet to bring it forth.
Let the unpity'd Vulgar tamely go,
And ſtock for Company the wide Plantations below:
Such their vile Souls for viler Barter ſell, (*Hell.*
Scarce worth their damning, or their room in
We are its Grandees, and expect as high Preferment there,
For our good Service as on Earth we ſhare.
In them, Sin is but a meer privative of Good,
The Frailty and Defect of Fleſh and Blood;
In us 'tis a Perfection, who profeſs
A ſtudy'd and elaborate Wickedneſs:
We are the Great Royal Society of Vice,
Whoſe Talents are to make Diſcoveries,
And advance Sin, like other Arts and Sciences.
'Tis I, the bold *Columbus*, only I,

Who

Who muſt new Worlds in Vice deſcry,
And fix the Pillars of unpaſſable Iniquity.

21.

How ſneaking was the firſt Debauch that ſinn'd,
Who for ſo ſmall a Sin ſold Humane Kind!
How undeſerving that high Place,
To be thought Parent of our Sin and Race,
Who by low Guilt our Nature doubly did de-
Unworthy was he to be thought (baſe!
Father of the great firſt-born *Cain*, which he be-
The noble *Cain*, whoſe bold and gallant Act (got
Proclaim'd him of more high Extract:
Unworthy me,
And all the braver Part of his Poſterity.
Had the juſt Fates deſign'd me in his ſtead,
I'd done ſome great and unexampl'd Deed;
A Deed which ſhou'd decry
The *Stoicks* dull Equality,
And ſhew that Sin admits traſcendency:
A Deed wherein the tempter ſhoud not ſhare,
Above what Heav'n cou'd puniſh, and above what he cou'd dare.
For greater Crimes than his I wou'd have fell,
And acted ſomewhat which might merit more than Hell.

An Apology to the foregoing Satyr,
by way of Epilogue.

MY Part is done, and you'll I hope excuſe
Th' extravagance of a repenting Muſe;
Pardon what e're ſhe has too boldly ſaid,
She only acted here in *Maſquerade*;
And the ſlight Arguments ſhe did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce.
So we Buffoons in Princely Dreſs expoſe,
Not to be gay, but more rediculous.
When ſhe a *Hector* for her Subject had,
She thought ſhe muſt be *Termagant* and Mad;
That made her ſpeak like a lewd *Punk* o'th' town,
Who by converſe with *Bullies* wicked grown,
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Virtue down.
But now the Vizor's off, ſhee changes Scene,
And turns a modeſt civil Girl agen.
Our Poet has a diff'rint taſt of Wit,
Nor will to th' common Voge himſelf ſubmit.
Let ſome admire the Fops whoſe talents lie
In venting dull inſipid Blaſphemy;
He ſwears he cannot with thoſe terms diſpenſe,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of Senſe.
Wits Name was never prophaneneſs due,
For then, you ſee, he cou'd be witty too:
He cou'd Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,
But that he's Loyal, and knows better things
Than Fame, whoſe guilty Birth from treaſon ſprings.

He

He likes not Wit which can no Licence claim,
To which the Author dares not ſet his Name:
Wit ſhou'd be open, court each Readers Eye,
Nor lurk in ſly unprinted Privacy;
But Criminal Writers, like dull Birds of Night,
For Weakneſs or for Shame avoid the Light:
May ſuch a Jury for their Audience have,
And from the Bench, not Pit, their Doom receive;
May they the Tower for their due Merits ſhare,
And a juſt Wreath of Hemp, not Lawrel wear.
He cou'd be bawdy too, and nick the Times
In what they dearly love, damn'd *Placket* rhimes,
Such as our Nobles write——
Whoſe nauſeous Poetry can reach no higher
Than what the Cod-piece or its God inſpire:
So lowd, they ſpedd at Quill, you'd juſtly think
They wrote with ſomething naſtier than Ink.
But he ſtill thought that little Wit, or none,
Which a juſt Modeſty muſt never own,
And a meer Reader with a Bluſh attone.
If Ribaldry deſerve the Praiſe of Wit,
He muſt reſign to each illiterate Cit,
And Prentices and Car-men challenge it:
Ev'n they too can be ſmart and witty there,
For all Men on that Subject Poets are.
Henceforth, he ſays, if ever more he find
Himſelf to the baſe Itch of Verſe inclin'd,
If e're he's given up ſo far to write,
He never means to make his End Delight:
Shou'd he do ſo, he muſt deſpair Succeſs,
For he's not now debauch'd enough to pleaſe,
And muſt be damn'd for want of Wickedneſs.

He'll

He'll therefore uſe this Gift another way,
And next the uglineſs of Vice diſplay:
Though againſt Virtue once he drew his Pen,
He'll ne're for ought but her Defence agen.
Had he a *Genius*, and Poetick Rage,
Great as the Vices of this guilty Age;
Were he all Gall, and arm'd with ſtore of Spite,
'Twere worth his Pains to undertake to write:
To Noble *Satyr* he'd direct his aim,
And by't Mankind and Poetry reclaim:
He'd ſhoot his Quills, juſt like a Porcupine,
At Vice, and make 'em ſtab in ev'ry Line;
The World ſhou'd learn to bluſh——
And dread the Vengeance of his angry Wit,
Which more than their own Conſciences ſhou'd fright;
And all ſhou'd think him Heav'ns juſt Plague deſign'd,
To viſit for the Sins of lewd Mankind.

Upon the Author of the Play call'd Sodom.

TEll me, abandon'd Miſcreant, prithee tell,
What damned Pow'r invok'd, and ſent from Hell,
(If Hell were bad enough) did thee inſpire
To write what Fiends aſham'd wou'd bluſhing hear?

Haſt thou of late embrac'd ſome *Succubus*,
And us'd the lewd Familiar for a Muſe?
Or didſt thy Soul by Inch o'th' Candle ſell,
To gain the glorious Name of *Pimp to Hell*?
If ſo, go, and its vow'd Allegiance ſwear,
Without Preſt-mony be its Voluntier:
May he who envies thee, deſerve thy Fate,
Deſerve both Heav'ns and Mankinds Scorn and Hate.
Diſgrace to Libels, Foil to very Shame,
Whom 'tis a Scandal to vouchſafe to damn:
What foul Deſcription's foul enough for thee,
Sunk quite below the reach of Infamy?
Thou covet'ſt to be lewd, but want'ſt the Might,
And art all over Devil, but in Wit.
Weak feeble Strainer at meer Ribaldry,
Whoſe Muſe is impudent to that degree,
That need, like Age, be whipt to Lechery.
Vile Sot, who clapt with Poetry, art ſick,
And void'ſt Corruption like a Shanker'd Prick:
Like Ulcers, thy Impoſtum'd addle Brains
Drop out in Matter, which thy Paper ſtains;
Whence nauſeous rhimes by filthy birthsproceed
As Maggots in ſome Turd ingendring breed.
Thy Muſe has got the Flow'rs, and they aſcend,
As in ſome Green-ſick Girl, at upper end.
Sure Nature made, or meant at leaſt t'have don't
Thy Tongue *Clytoris*, and thy Mouth a *Cunt*.
How well a *Dildo* won'd that place become,
To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb?
At leaſt it ſhou'd be Syring'd———

Or

Or wear ſome ſtinking *Merkin* for a Beard,
That all from its baſe Converſe might be ſcar'd,
As they a Door ſhut up and mark'd beware,
That tells Infection and the Plague is there.
Thou *Moorfields* Author fit for Bawds to quote,
If bawds themſelves with honour ſafe may do't,
When Suburb-Prentice comes to hire Delight,
And wants Incentives to dull Appetite.
There *Punk*, perhaps, may thy brave Works rehearſe,
Frigging the ſenſleleſs thing with Hand and Verſe,
Which after ſhall(preferr'd to Dreſſing-box)
Hold Turpentine,and Med'cins for the Pox;
Or (if I may ordain a Fate more fit
For thy foul naſty Excrements of Wit) (lent;
May they condemn'd to th' publick Jakes be
For me,I'd fear the *Piles* in vengeance ſent,
Shou'd I with them prophane my Fundament.
Then bugger wiping Porters when they ſhite,
And ſo thy Book it ſelf turn *Sodomite*.

A Call to the Guard by a Drum.

RAt too, Rat too, Rat tat too, Rat tat too,
With your Noſes all ſcabb'd, and your Eyes black and blue,
All ye hungry poor Sinners that foot-ſolders are,
Though with very ſmall Coin, yet with very much Care,
From your Quarters in Garrets make haſt to repair
To the Guard, to the Guard.

From your ſorry Straw-beds, and your bonny white fleas,
From your dreams if ſmall drink, & your very ſmall caſe,
From your plenty of Stink, and no plenty of Room,
From your Walls daub'd with Phlegm ſticking on 'em like Gum,
And Cielings hung with Cobwebs to ſtanch a cut Thumb. To the Guard, *&c.*
From your crackt earthen Piſs-pots, where no Pſs can ſtay.
From roofs bewrit with ſnuffs in letters the wrong way
From an old broken Stool with one unbroken Leg,
One Box with n're a Lid, to keep n're a Rag,
And Windows that of Storms more than your ſelves can brag, To the Guard, *&c.*
With truſty Pike and Gun, and the other ruſty Tool,
With Heads extreamly hot, and with Hearts wondrous cooll;
With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and Sutlers) hurt,
With two old tatter'd Shoes, that diſgrace the Town-dirt,
With forty ſhreds of Breeches, and not one ſhred of Shirt, To the Guard, *&c.*
See they come, ſee they come, ſee they come, ſee they come,
With Alarms in their Pates, to the Call of the Drum
Some lodging with Bawds (whome the modeſt ca[illegible] Bitches)
With their Bones dryed to Kexes, and Legs ſhrun[illegible] to Switches,
With the Plague in the Purſe, and the Pox in th[illegible]

Some from ſnoring and farting, and ſpewing on benches,
Some from damn'd fulſom Ale, and more damn'd ſulſom Whenches;
Some from Put, and ſtize-ace, and old ſim this way ſtalk,
Each Mans reeling's his Gate, and his Hiccop his Talk,
With two new Cheeks of Red, from ten old rows of Chalk, To the Guard, &c.
Here comes others from ſcuffling and damning mine Hoſt,
With their Tongues at laſt tam'd, but with Faces that boaſt
Of ſome Scars by the Jordan, or war-like Quart-pot,
For their building of Sconces, and Volleys of Shot,
Which they charg'd to the Mouth, but diſcharg'd ne're a Groat, To the Guard, &c.
Then for valour in Black too the Chaplain do's come,
From's preaching o're Pots,, now to pray o're a Drum;
All ye whoring and ſwearing old Red-coats, draw near,
Like to Saints in red letters, liſten and give ear,
And be Godly a while ho, and then as you were.
To the Guard, &c.
After ſome canting Terms, to your Arms, and the like.
Such as Poiſing your Musket, or Porting your Pike,
To the Right, to the Left, or elſe Face about,
After ratling your Sticks, and your ſhaking a Clout,
Haſt your Infantry Troops, that mount the Guard on Foot,
To the Guard, &c.

Captain Hector *firſt marches, but not he of* Troy,
But a Briſle made up of a Man and a Boy:

See the Man ſcant at Arms, in a Scarf do's abound,
Which preſages Swagg'ring, but no Blood nor Wound,
Like a Rainbow, that ſhews the World ſhan't be drown'd. To the Guard, &c.

As the Tinker wears Rags, whilſt the Dog bears the Budget,
So the Man ſtalks with Staff, whilſt the Foot-boy do's trudge it
With the tool he ſhou'd work with (that's Half-pike you'll ſay)
But what Captain's ſo ſtrong his own Arms to convey,
When he marches o're loaden with ten other Mens Mens To the Guard, &c.

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at leaſt
With Stinks ſixteen deep, and about five a breaſt,
Made of Ale and Mundungus, Snuff, Rags, and brown Cruſt, for
While he wants twenty taylors to make up the cluſter
Which declares that his Journey's not new to the Muſter, But to the Guard, &c.

Some with Musket and Belly uncharg'd, march away,
With Pipes black as their Mouths are, and ſhort as their Pay;
Whilſt their Coats made of Holes, ſhew like Bone-lace about 'em,
And their Bandileers hang like to Bobbins without 'em
And whilſt Horſemen do cloath 'em, theſe Foot-ſcrubs do clout 'em,
For the Guard, &c.

Some

Some with that ty'd on one side, and Wit tied on neither,
Wear gray Coats and gray Cattel, see their Wenches run hither,
For to peep through red Latice, and dark cellar doors,
To behold 'em wear Pikes rusty, just like their whores,
As slender as their Meals, and as long as their Sores.
To the Guard, &c.

Some with tweedle weedle weedle (whilst we beat Dub a dub)
Keep the base scottish Noise, and as base scottish Scrub;
Then with Body contracted, a Rag open spread,
Comes a thing with red Colours, and Nose full as red,
Like an Ensign to the King, and to the Kings Head, Towards the Guard, &c.
Two Commanders come last, the Lieutenant perhaps
Full of Low-country story, and Low-country-claps;
To be next him the other takes care not to fail,
(Powder-monkey by name) that vents stink by wholesale,
For where shou'd the Fart be, but just with the tail
Of the Guard, &c.

And now hey for the King Boys and they for the court
Which is guarded by these, as the Tow'r is by Dirt;
These Whitehal *must admit, and such other unhouse ye*
Each day lets in the Drunk, whilst it lets out the drowsie
And no place in the World shifts so oft to be Lowsie,
Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to Scotland-yard *sneak, & the Sutlers Wife Kisses,*
But despairing of Drink till some Country-man pisses,

And pays too(for no place in the Court must be given)
To the Can Office then all a foot-ſoulders Heaven,
Where he finds the foul Fox,*and ſoon cures Sir* Stephen, On the Guard, *&c.*
Some at Shite-houſe publick(where a Rag always goes)
At once empty their Guts, and diminiſh their Clothes,
Tho their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore and Bacon being all
Their chief Food)yet their Bums we true Courtiers may call,
For what they eat in the Suburbs,they ſhite at Whitehal, For the Guard, *&c.*
Such a like Pack of Cards to the Park making entry,
Here and there deal an Ace, which the Jews call a Centry.
Which in bad Houſes of Boards ſtand to tell what a Clock 'tis,
Where they keep up tame Red-coats, as Men keep up tame Foxes,
Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs-turds in Foxes.
Oh the Guard, *&c.*
Some of theſe are planted(tho' it has been their lucks
Oft to ſteal Country Geeſe) now to watch the Kings Ducks,
While ſome others are ſet on the ſide that has wood in
To ſtand Pimps to black Maſques, that are oft thither footing,
Juſt as Houſwifes ſet Cuckolds to tend their black Pudding.
Oh the Guard, *&c.*

While

Whilst another true Trojan *to some Passage runs,*
As to keep in the Debtor, so to keep out the Duns;
Or a Prentice or his Mistriss with Oaths to confound,
Till he hies him from the Park as from forbidden Ground,
Cause his Credit is whole, and his Wench may be sound, And quits the Guard, *&c.*

Now it's Night, and the Patrole in Alehouse drown'd,
For nought else but the Pot and their Brains *walk the Round;*
Whilst like Hell the Commanders Guard-Chamber do's shew,
There's such damning themselves, and all else of the Crew,
For though these cheat their Men, they give the Devil his due,
On the Guard, *&c.*

Whilst a Main after Main at old Hazard they throw,
And their Quarrels grow high as their Money grows low,
Strait they threaten hard (using bad Faces for Frowns)
To revenge on the Flesh *the default of the* Bones;
But the Bloods *in their Hose, and in Oaths all their Wounds;*
Like the Guard, *&c.*

In the Morning they fight just as much as they pray,
For some one to the King does the Tidings *convey,*
For preventing of Murder: Oh 'tis a wise way!
Though not one of them knows (as a thousand dare say)
What belongs to a dead Man, unless in his Pay,
For the Guard, *&c.*

With

With their Skins they march home no more hurt than
their Drums,
But for ſcratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs;
And now hey for fat Ale-wives, & Tradeſmen grow
lean,
For the Captain, grown Bankrupt, recruits him agen
With ſending out Tickets, and turning out Men
From the Guard, &c.
Strait the poor Rogues, caſhier'd with a Cane and a
Curſe,
Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purſe:
And what then? Man;s a Worm, theſe Glo-worms
may name;
For as they're dark of Body, have tails all of Flame,
So tho' theſe liv'd in Oaths, yet they die with a Pſalm.
Farewell Guard, &c.

Ephelia *to* Bajazet.

HOw far are they deceived who hope in
in vain
A laſting leaſe of Joys from love t'obtain?
All the dear Sweets we promiſe or expect,
After Enjoyment, turns to cold Neglect.
Cou'd love a conſtant Happineſs have known,
The mighty Wonder had in me been ſhown;
Our Paſſions are ſo favoured by Fate,
As if ſhe meant 'em an Eternal Date;
So kind he look'd, ſuch tender Words he ſpoke,
'Twas paſt belief ſuch Vows ſhou'd e're be
broke.
Fixt on my Eyes, how often wou'd he ſay,
He cou'd with pleaſure gaze an Age away?

When Thoughts too great for Words had made
him mute,
In Kiſſes he wou'd tell my Hand his Suit.
So great his Paſſion was, ſo far above
The common Gallantries that paſs for Love,
At worſt, I thought, if he unkind ſhou'd prove,
His ebbing Paſſion wou'd be kinder far
Than the firſt Tranſports of all others are.
Nor was my Love or Fondneſs leſs than his,
In him I center'd all my Hopes of Bliſs,
For him my Duty to my Friends forgot,
For him I loſt, alas! what loſt I not?
Fame, all the valuable things of Life,
To meet his Love, by a leſs Name than *Wife*:
How happy was I then, how dearly bleſt,
When this great Man lay panting on my Breaſt,
Looking ſuch things as ne're can be expreſt!
Thouſand freſh looks he gave me ev'ry Hour,
Whilſt greedily I did his looks devour;
Till quite o'recome with Charms, I trembling lay
At ev'ry look he gave melting away.
I was ſo highly happy in his love,
Methoughts I pity'd them that dwelt above.
Think then, thou greateſt, lovelieſt, falſeſt Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then
My faithleſs Dear, be cruel if you can.
How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,
No, ev'ry Act has ſhewn I lov'd too well.
Since firſt I ſaw you, I ne're had a Thought
Was not entirely yours; to you I brought
My Virgin-Innocence, and freely made
My love an Off'ring to your Noble Bed.

Since

Since when y'ave been the Star by which I
steer'd,
And nothing else but you I lov'd or fear'd.
Your Smiles I only live by, an I must,
When e're you frown, be shatter'd into Dust.
Oh! can the Coldness that you shew me now
Suite with the gen'rous Heat you once did shew?
I cannot live on Piety or Respect,
A Thought so mean wou'd my whole Love in-
Less than your Love I scorn Sir to expect. (fect,
Let me not live in dull Indiff'rency,
But give me Rage enough to make me die;
For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I wou'd chuse your Hate.

A very Heroical Epistle in Answer to Ephelia.

Madam,

IF you're deceiv'd, 'tis not my Cheat,
For all-Disguises are below the Great.
What Man or Woman upon Earth can say
I ever us'd them well above a Day?
How is it then that I unconstant am?
He changes not who always is the same.
In my dear Self I center ev'ry thing,
My Servants, Friends, my Mistris, and my King,
Nay Heav'n and Earth to that one point I bring.
Well-manner'd, Honest, Generous, and Stout,
Names by dull Foolls to plague Mankind found
out,

Shou'd

Shou'd I regard, I muſt my ſelf conſtrain,
And 'tis my Maxim to ovoid all Pain.
You fondly look for what none e're cou'd find,
Deceive your ſelf, and then call me Unkind,
And by falſe Reaſons wou'd my Folſhood prove,
For 'tis as natural to Change, as Love.
You may as juſtly at the Sun repine,
Becauſe alike it do's not always ſhine.
No glorious thing was ever made to ſtay;
My Blazing Star but viſits, and away:
As fatal too it ſhines as thoſe i'th' Skies;
'Tis never ſeen, but ſome great Lady dies.
The boaſted Favour you ſo precious hold,
To me's no more than changing of my Gold:
What e're you gave, I paid you back in Bliſs;
Then where's the Obligation pray of this?
If heretofore you found Grace in my Eyes,
Be thankful for it, and let that ſuffice:
But Women, Beggar-like, ſtill haunt the Door
Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.
Oh happy *Sultan*! whom Barb'rous we call,
How much refin'd art thou above us all?
Who envies not the Joys of thy *Serail*?
Thee, like ſome God the trembling Crowd adore,
Each Man's thy Slave, and Woman-kind thy Whore.
Methinks I ſee thee underneath the Shade
Of Golden Canopy ſupinely laid,
Thy crowding Slaves all ſilent as the Night,
But at thy Nod all active as the Light:
Secure in ſolid Sloth, thou there doſt reign,
And feel'ſt the Joys of Love, without the Pain.

Each

Each Female courts thee with a wiſhing Eye,
While thou with awful Pride walk'ſt careleſs by
Till thy kind Pledge at laſt marks out the Dame
Thou fancy'ſt moſt, to quench thy preſent Flame.
Then from thy Bed ſubmiſſive ſhe retires,
And, thankful for the Grace, no more requires.
No loud Reproach, nor fond unwelcom ſound
Of Womens Tongues thy Sacred Ear do's wound;
If any do, a nimble Mute ſtrait ties
The True-loves Knot, and ſtoprs her fooliſh Cries.
Thou fear'ſt no injur'd *Kinſman*'s threatning Blaid;
Nor Midnight Ambnuſhes by Rivals laid;
While here with aking Hearts our Joys we taſt,
Diſturb'd by Swords, like *Democles* his Feaſt.

CRuſht by that juſt Contempt his Follies bring
On his craz'd Head, the Vermin fain wou'd ſting.
But never *Satyr* did ſo ſoftly bite,
Or gentle *George* himſelf more gently write.
Born to no other but thy own Diſgrace,
Thou art a thing ſo wretched and ſo baſe,
Tho canſt not ev'n offend, but with thy Face;
And doſt at once a ſad Example prove
Of harmleſs Malice, and of hopeleſs Love.
All Pride and Uglineſs! oh how we loath
A nauſeous Creature, ſo compos'd of both!
How oft have we thy Cap'ring Perſon ſeen,
With diſmal Look, and melancholy Meen,
The juſt Reverſe of *Nokes*, when he wou'd be
Some mighty *Heroe*, and makes Love like thee?
Thou art below being laught at, out of ſpite
Men gaze upon thee, as a hideous Sight,
And cry, *There goes the Melancholy Knight.*
There are ſome modeſt Fools, we daily ſee,
Modeſt and dull; why they are Wits to thee:
For of all Folly, ſure the very top
Is a conceited *Ninny*, and a *Fop*:
With Face of *Farce*, joyn'd to a Head *Romancy*,
There's no ſuch Coxcomb as your Fool of Fancy.
But 'tis too much on ſo diſpis'd a Theme,
No Man wou'd dabble in a dirty Stream;

The

The worſt that I cou'd write, wou'd be no more
Than what thy very Friends have ſaid before.

My Lord All-Pride.

BUrſting with Pride, the loath'd Impoſtume ſwells;
Prick him, he ſheds his Venom ſtrait, and ſmells:
But 'tis ſo lewd a ſcribler, that he writes
With as much force to Nature, as he fights.
Hardned in Shame, 'tis ſuch a baffl'd Fop,
That ev'ry School-boy whips him like a Top:
And with his Arm and Head, his Brains ſo weak,
That his ſtarv'd Fancy is compell'd to take
Among the Excrements of others Wit,
To make a ſtinking Meal of what they ſhit.
So Swine for naſty Meat to Dunghil run,
And toſs their grunting Snowts up when they've done.
Againſt his Stars the Coxcomb ever drives,
And to be ſomething they forbid, contrives.
With a Red Noſe, Splay Foot, and Goggle Eye,
A Plow-man's Looby Meen, Face all awry;
With ſtinking Breath, and ev'ry loathſom Mark,
The *Punchianello* ſets up for a Spark;
With equal Self-conceit too he bears Arms,
But with that vile Succeſs his Part performs,

That

That he Burleſques his Trade, and what is beſt
In others, turns, like *Harlequin*, in jeſt.
So have I ſeen at *Smithfields* wondrous Fair,
When all his Brother-Monſters flouriſh there,
A Lubbard Elephant divert the Town
With making Legs, and ſhooting off a Gun.
Go where he will, he never finds a Friend,
Shame and Deriſion all his Steps attend;
Alike abroad, at home, i'th Camp and Court,
This Knight o'th' *Burning Peſtle* makes us Sport

Captain Ramble.

WHilſt Duns were knocking at my Door,
I lay in Bed with reeking Whore,
With Back ſo weak, and Prick ſo ſore,
You'd wonder.
I rais'd my Doe, and laid her Gown,
I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,
She piſt, and then I drove her down
Like Thunder.
From Chamber then I went to Dinner,
And drank Small-beer, like mournful Sinner,
But ſtill I thought the Devil in her
Clytoris.
I ſat at *Muſcot*'s in the dark,
And heard a Tradſeman and a Spark,
A Scriv'ner and a Lawyers Clark,
Tell Stories.
From whence I went, with muffl'd Face,
To the Duke's Houſe, and took a Place,
In which I ſpew'd, may't pleaſe his Grace
Or Highneſs.
Had I been hang'd, I cou'd not chuſe
But laugh at Whores who dropt from Stews,
Seeing that Mrs. *Marg'ret Hews*
So fine is.
When Play was done, I call'd a Link,
Hearing ſome paultry Pieces chink
Within my Breeches, how d'ye think
I employ'd 'em?

Why Sir, I went to Mrs. *Speerings*,
Where ſome were Curſing, others Swearing,
Never a Barrel better Herring,
Per fidem.
Seven's the Main, 'tis Eight God damn me,
'Tis Six (ſaid I) as God ſhall ſave me;
And bing true they cou'd not blame me
So ſaying.
Save me (quoth one) what Shamaroon
Is this has begg'd an Afternoon
Of 's Mother, to go up and down
A Playing?
Now this to me was worſe than killing;
Miſtake me not for I am willing,
And able both, to drop a Shilling,
Or Two Sir.
Well ſaid my Lad, quoth *Bully Heck*,
With Whiskers ſtern, and Cordubeck
Pinn'd up behind, his ſcabby Neck
To ſhew Sir.
With Mangy Fiſt he graſpt the Box,
Giving the Table bloody Knocks
Calling upon the Plague and Pox
T' aſſiſt him.
Ten Shillings from me he did Snatch,
He'ad like t' have made a quick diſpatch,
Nor wou'd Times Regiſter, my Watch,
Have miſt him.
As Luck wou'd have it, in came *Will*,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, thou'dſt better go and ſwill
Canary.

We steer'd our Course to *Dragon Green*,
Which is in *Fleet-Street* to be seen,
Where we drank Wine not foul, but clean
Contrary.
Our Host, ycleped *Thomas Hammon*,
Presented Slice of Bacon Gammon,
Which made us swallow Sack as Salmon
Do's Water.
Being over-warm wi'th' last Debauch,
I grew as drunk as any Roach,
When *Hot bak'd Wardens* did approach,
Or later.
But see the damn'd confounded Fate
Attends on drinking Wine so late,
I drew my Sword on honest *Kote*
I'th' Kitchen.
Which *Hammon*'s Wife cou'd not endure;
I told her, tho' she look'd demure,
That she came lately, I was sure,
From Bitching.
We broke our Glasses out of hand,
As many Oaths we did command,
As *Hastings*, *Savin*, *Southerland*,
Or *Ogle*.
Then I cry'd up Sir *Harry Vane*,
And swore by God I wou'd maintain
Episcopacy was too plain
A Juggle.
And having now discharg'd the House,
We did reserve a gentle *Souse*,
With which we drank another Rouse
At the Bar.

And

And now good Chriſtians all attend,
To Drunkeneſs pray put an end,
I do adviſe you as a Friend
And Neighbour.
For lo the Mortal here behold,
Who cautious was in days of old,
Is now become raſh, ſturdy, bold,
And free Sir.
For having ſcap'd the Tavern ſo,
There never was a greater Foe
Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, no
Nor *Cæſar*.
A Conſtable both ſtern and dread,
Who is from Muſtard, Brooms, and Thred
Preferr'd to be the Brainleſs Head
O'th' People.
A Gown he'd on, with Age made gray,
A Hat too. which, as folks do ſay,
Is ſir-nam'd to this very day
A Steeple.
His Staff, which knew as well as he
The Bus'neſs of Authority,
Stood bolt upright at ſight of me;
Moſt true 'tis.
The Lowſie Curs that thithet come
To keep the King's Peace ſafe at home,
Yet cannot keep the Vermin from
Their *Cutis*.
Stand, ſtand, ſays one, and come before——
You lie, ſaid I, like a Son of a Whore,
I can't, nor will not ſtand, that's more;
D'ye mutter?

You

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,
Your Officer, i'th' May-pole Hat
I'll make as drunk as any Rat
Or Otter.
The Conſtable began to ſwell,
Although he lik'd the Motion well,
Quoth he, My Friends, this I muſt tell
You clearly.
The Peſtilence you can't forget,
No the Diſpute wi'th' *Dutch*, nor yet
The dreadful Fire, that made us get
Up early.
From whence (quoth he) I this infer,
To have a Bodies Conſcience clear.
Excelleth any coſtly Cheer
Or Banquet.
Beſide (and faith I think he wept)
Were it not better you had kept
Within your Chamber, and nave ſlept
In Blanket.
But I'll adviſe you by and by.
——A Pox of all Advice, ſaid I,
Your *Janizaries* look as dry
As *Vulcan*.
We come not here to talk of Sin
——Come——here's a Shilling, fetch it in,
Our Bus'neſs now is to begin
A full Can.
At laſt I made the Watchmen drunk,
Examin'd here and there a *Punk*,
And then away to Bed I ſlunk
To hide it.

Now

Now theſe my Wiſhes are to you,
Who will thoſe Dangers not eſchew,
That ye may all go home and ſpew,
As I did.

On Rome's *Pardons.*

IF *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,
And if thoſe Pardons can be bought and ſold,
It were no Sin t' adore and worſhip Gold.

If they can purchaſe Pardons with a Sum,
For Sins they may commit in time to come,
And for Sins paſt, 'tis very well for *Rome.*

At this rate they are happieſt that have moſt,
They'll purchaſe Heav'n at their own proper (Coſt
Alas, the Poor! All that are ſo, are loſt.

Whence came this Knack, or when did it begin?
What Author have they, or who brought it in?
Did e're *Chriſt* keep a Cuſtom-houſe for Sin?

Some ſubtle Devil without more ado,
Did certainly this ſly Invention brew,
To gull'em of ther Souls, and Money too.

FINIS.